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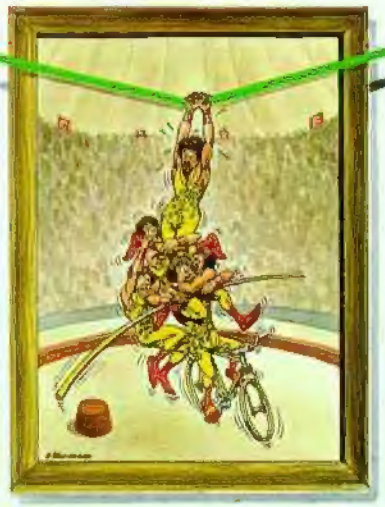

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NUMBER 210 OCTOBER 1979

MAD

"The trouble with most vacation resorts is: they never have the same shapely girls you saw in their ads!"—Alfred E. Neuman

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the usual gang of idiots

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BACK COVER MAD MINI-POSTER: ARTIST—NORMAN MINGO, WRITER—AL JAFFEE

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ONLY FIVE LEFT!

Yep, there are only five centimeters left to this column, just enough to make our usual idiotic sales pitch for full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman MAD's "What—Me Worry Kid?" . . . suitable for framing or wrapping fish! You can have yours by mailing: 35¢ for one, 75¢ for 3, $1.55 for 9, $3.15 for 27 or $6.35 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022 (The Godfather just called and said, "That's-a some-metric you pulled!")

LETTERS DEPT.

SUPERDUPERMAN

Your article on "Superduperman" is more powerful than a locomotive. It points out in a mild-mannered way why we have never seen Alfred E. Neuman near kryptonite.

Bob Boyd
Miami Beach, Florida

The consensus here at DC Comics Inc.? "Superduperman" is super-duper, man!

Jack C. Harris
Editor/DC Comics Inc.
New York, N.Y.

Could you please tell me why the office window of "Berry Blight" bore the name of "Perry White?"

Kyong Pak
New York, N.Y.

Berry was using it while Perry was out of town!—Ed.

On page six of the Superman Satire, you show a funny looking train that is labeled LONG ISLAND RAILROAD. As a regular rider, I resent the remarks you make about its slowness and junkiness. Are you sure Mort Drucker didn't have AMTRAK in mind?

Adam Trese
New York, N.Y.

Since Mort lives on Long Island, he must know what he's talking about!—Ed.

I wonder how Curt Swan, who has drawn Superman for DC since the early 1950's, felt about his character flying around with your character?

John Aldridge
Yuba City, Calif.

SUPERMAN © 1979 by DC Comics Inc.

DC "Superman" Artist Reacts

A MAD LOOK AT SUPERMAN

I expected a svelte, supple and nimble Superman from Drucker, but no characterization will ever supersede Martin's Superman with floppy feet!

Robert Pennachio
Ramsey, New Jersey

RUNNING FOR COVER

Truthfully, I've missed some of the heavy statements you used to make, on your back covers. They were invariably the profound exclamation mark that punctuated an issue, without diminishing the fun and satire inside. I think your readers anticipate your "no kidding" statement on nuclear power plants. Witness the far-flung repercussions in a poignant statement from Kucho, Japan, as a consequence of what happened at Three Mile Island . . . "How should we escape if we had an accident here? Do you think you could take your car and just drive off? No, radiation travels faster than a car. And what would happen to the tangerine trees? They can't move. What would happen to the sea? And to the paddies and fields?"

Karen Carbone
Whitman, Mass.

WHAT IS HUMILITY?

Sergio Aragonés has absolutely flattered Tom Koch's excellent "What Is Humility?" with some well-suited scenes. The one showing the two men pulling and coaxing the obvious winner to his rightful #1 position on the Olympics stand, is a magazine-stopper!

Sean MacGregor
Montclair, N.J.

Tom Koch's "What Is Humility?" scored a bull's-eye. It is brilliant, in my humble opinion!

Mike Thibodeau
Seattle, Wash.

THE SPACE AGE RAZOR RACE

Congratulations are in order! In Al Jaffee's "The Space Age Razor Race," he managed to put a fusion chamber into a razor handle. No Nuclear Physicist has accomplished that yet! The Technology required to produce the magnetics to hold a fusion reaction has yet to be developed. And, what if some fool ran out and bought *all* the so-called "neutron razors"? He could make his own atomic threats to the world.

Beth Davis
Nuclear Medicine Student
Ferris State College
Auburn, Michigan

MAD EXPLORES THE TV RATINGS SYSTEM

"MAD Explores The TV Ratings System," by Siegel and North, cites *three* Neelsin viewers in Buffalo, N.Y. You don't need three people for a Neelsin poll in Buffalo; just *one* out-of-work, Love Canal-chemically-contaminated, loyal (and stupid!) Buffalo Bills football fan will do it!

Vin Caldwell
Buffalo, N.Y.

RE-WRITING CLASSICAL POETRY TO GIVE WOMEN EQUAL TIME

Zelda Din, Gunga's twin sister, doing the regimental wash; Cathy coming to bat and changing Mudville's losing ways; Maude Revere slinging her slumbering Paul into the saddle to insure his historic ride; are all marvelous alterations that convince me that "a woman's place *is* in the poem"! Koch and Woodbridge created another MAD evergreen in their "Re-Writing Classical Poetry To Give Women Equal Time." I intend re-reading this re-writing, re-peatedly.

Hella Smit
Amsterdam, Holland

On reading your giving equal time to women, it dawned on me that MAD doesn't have any regular female writers. What are you guys? Male chauvinists? Please explain!

Chris Martin
Denver, Colo.

Like they say in bars: "Ladies Invited!"—Ed.

CANDID CLOSE-UPS OF SOME LEGENDARY FEETS

There are lots of energetic things going on in Bob Jones's illustrations for "Candid Close-Ups Of Some Legendary Feets." Good footwork!

Maria Lane
Alhambra, Calif.

CATTLE CAR GALAXICA

I must compliment Angelo Torres and Dick De Bartolo on "Cattle Car Galaxica." Quite nicely, they exposed the visual and verbal gimmicks for the cheap devices they are. Particularly clever was the chiding of the asinine misuse of units of measure and the shameless appropriation of classic full-length film plots. Of course, each episode contained an inexcusable amount of technical errors, in addition to the usual number of non-technical "common sense" errors that were inherent in the series. "Cattle Car Galaxica" did a superb job on that insipid series without delving into these details, which would have amounted to an unmerciful overkill.

Fred Erhardt
Newport News, Va.

Your "Galaxica" feature kept me in stitches for quite a few centons.

Tim Anderson
Paradise, Calif.

"Cattle Car . . ." was a bunch of bull.

Brian McConnell
Atlantic Highlands,
New Jersey

SUPER HERNIA

On the back cover of your Superman Issue, you have the Man of Steel sitting in a doctor's office, fully dressed. How does the Doc know it's a Super Hernia if the big guy still has his tights on? X-ray vision, eh, Doc?

Paisley Seymour
Los Angeles, Calif.

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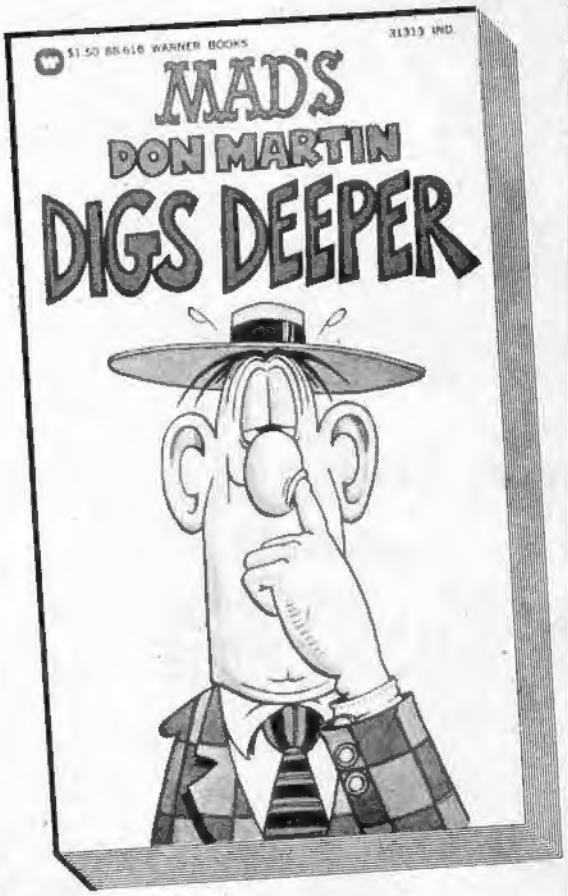

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BREAKING THE HOBBIT DEPT.

The most dedicated cult these days is the one that worships a group of travelers who lived thousands of years ago in a place called Middle Earth. We're talking about the Hobbits, Elves, Dwarfs and sundry fantastic beings who've been immortalized in J.R.R. Tolkien's "The Lord Of The Rings". For years, it has been a best-selling book, and now half of it's been seen as a movie, with the second half coming soon. What's left for Frodo and his friends? What else? A "Musical"! So sing along with MAD as we now present:

THE THE MAD

* Sung to the tune of "Those Were The Days"

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

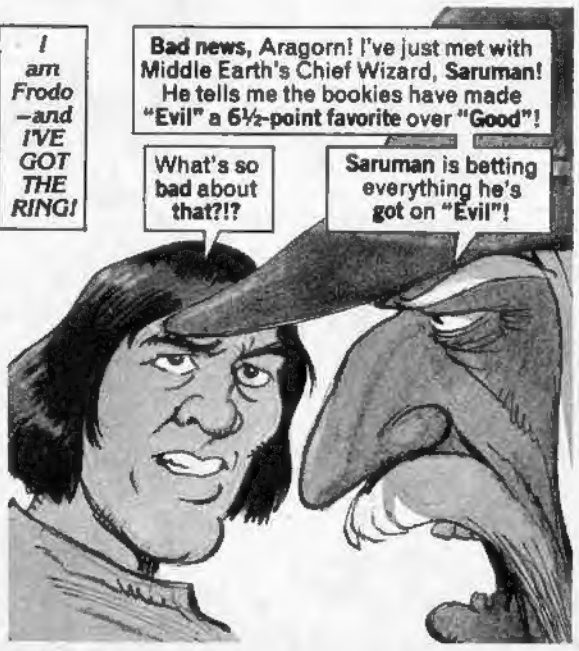
RING AND I

"LORD OF THE RINGS" MUSICAL

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

* Sung to the tune of "Scarborough Fair"

* Sung to the tune of "I Write The Songs"



The nine of us have been picked to form the **Fellowship of the Ring!**

Will our pilgrimage be **dangerous?**

Most likely! Gandalf has us lined up by **blood type!**

We must never forget that we are all **enlightened creatures** living in the world's most **enlightened age!**

What will we **do** in case of **trouble?**

We'll fight an **enlightened war!**

This is a **proud moment** for Middle Earth! So **remember**... I want everyone to **WALK TALL!**

Er... **not so fast,** there, you Hobbits!!

Behind this big rock is the **secret entrance** to the **ancient mine** of the **Dwarfs**...!

YOU'RE a **Dwarf,** Gimli! **How** do we **get** in...?

I'm **trying** to **decipher** the **ancient writing**... but I **can't make it out!**

Darn! An **illiterate Dwarf!!** I **knew** we should have picked **"Doc"** or **"Grumpy"!**

Wait...! think I can make it out!

Okay, what does it **say?**

"Gentlemen will not be admitted without jackets"!

Look...! the hideous **Balrog** is attacking **Gandalf!**

Gimli, exactly what does "Balrog" mean in the ancient **Dwarf** tongue?

"Bouncer"! I WARNED Gandalf he wasn't dressed correctly!

Legolas...you **Elves** are **amazing!** You live for **hundreds of years,** you **don't** show your **age,** and you **never** get **sick!** How come?

It's **tradition!**

The tradition of **Elves?**

No, the tradition of **Great Romantic Epics**...as I will now explain in this beautiful Elf ballad...

* *Gas and heartburn,*
loss of hair,
A denture plate that
needs repair
Are things of which
we're un-aware
In won'drous
tales like these!

Ingrown toenails,
Asian Flu,
A kidney stone that
won't pass through,
Astigmatism,
jock-itch, too,
Are unknown
maladies—

Because we live
the good life here
Where human ailments
dis-ap-pear;
And that's the way
it's meant to be
When living in a
fan-ta-sy!

Athlete's foot and
tooth decay,
A migraine that won't
go away,
And nasal drip that
lasts all day
Have nev-er
laid us low!

Throwing up in
mis-er-y
From eating foods
that don't agree
And lack of reg-
u-lar-i-ty
Are things we
do not know—

Because we live
the good life here
Where germs and sick-
ness don't appear;
And that's the way
it's meant to be
When liv-ing in a
fan...ta...sy!

* Sung to the tune of "*Both Sides Now*"

900 Orcs are attacking!

There are 9 of us! That makes the odds 100-to-1! I'm very upset about it!

Me too! I never like easy battles!

*This is the fun-time of our lives When gruesome Orcs we are destroying!

We run them through with swords and knives, Though cleaning up can be annoying!

I'm keeping count of those I slay here! I'm pretty sure it's sixty-two!

Gee, I wish forever I could stay here! Eleven more... and I'm ahead of you!

I real-ly love the groovy sound Each time they crumple with a thud here!

I think we'd better stand our ground– It's get-ting slipp'ry in the blood here!

I've got a stroke that's real-ly nif-ty! But now my arms they sort of ache!

By my count, we've killed two hundred fif-ty! Just seventeen more and we can take a break!

There's hard-ly one that's left alive and now my heart is filled with sor-row!

I'd hoped a coup-le would survive so we could have more fun tomor-row!

* Sung to the tune of "You Are The Sunshine Of My Life"

I never though we'd be captured by Orcs! I wonder why we've been taken alive??

Then how come we're being kicked, beaten and dragged?!

They think we're GODS, Merry!!

The Orcs are ATHEISTS!

Gee!! We've been saved by a walking, talking tree!

Not by just ANY talking, walking tree! I'm "Tree-beard"! And if you think YOUR life is tough, it's time you heard about mine!

* You learn the truth when you're a tree That life's one long cat-as-tro-phe, With squir-rels run-ning down your trunk And dropping nuts and other junk.

When caterpillars pick you clean And locusts pull the same routine, And dogs that you can't keep away Come use you as their john each day.

* Sung to the tune of "At Seventeen"

You're filled with birds in scratchy nests, With ants and bugs and other pests, And human finks who leave their mark And carve in-i-tials in your bark.

Then lightning strikes you from the blue And splits whatever's left of you— It really doesn't pay to be a tree!

You stand around in hail and sleet, In freezing cold and blazing heat, And later on you lose your sap. Your insides rot, your branches snap.

A woodsman gives you forty whacks And amputates you with his ax Until you're just a rotting stump. And, boy, you're feeling like a chump.

By then, of course, you're mostly died; What's left of you is pet-ri-fied; This kind of treatment you don't need; You wish that you'd been born a weed.

Small wonder with this final blow, That fi-nal-ly you've come to know It really doesn't pay to be a tree!

We're all alone, Sam! Now it's just you and I against the vast forces of the Dark Lord! Let's hope they don't find out I've got the Ring!

I'll sing another typical happy Hobbit folksong to keep your spirits up, Mr. Frodo!

* How many days can a Hob-bit go on when he's hungry and tired and hurt? Yes, how many days can he stay on his feet till he stumbles and falls in the dirt? And how many days will it be till they find that he carries the Ring 'neath his shirt? The answer, my friend...is...

Thanks a whole lot, Sam!!

* Sung (briefly) to the tune of "Blowin' In The Wind"

Where is it, my Precious? It's gone! We wants it! Come back, my Precious! We loves you!

It's Gollum...the creature that Bilbo, your cousin, took the Ring away from! The same Ring you've got beneath your shirt!

Who in heck is that...?

Still Mr. Cool, eh, Sam...?!?

* I am Gollum, that is me; And I'm hideous to see; Also mean and low and trick-y! Call me Middle Earth's main sick-y! And the rot-ten-ness that's planted in my brain will remain— Till I gets back my Precious!

My lovely Precious is the Ring, Which I loved like anything Till a thief came by to rob...it! 'Twas a double-crossing Hob-bit! For eighty years I've crawled here in slime— marking time— Till I gets back my Precious!

I've never heard of roll-on Ban, So folks avoid me if they can; I don't mind the lonely wait-ing, 'Cause I'm not much into dat-ing! There's no one who's depraved enough for me— don't you see— Till I gets back my Precious!

* Sung to the tune of "The Sound Of Silence"

We never should have trusted Gollum! He's lured us into the Cave of Shelob...the gigantic Spider! It's attacking! What are we going to DO, Mr. Frodo?!?

Whaddya mean, "WE," Sam??

The last thing I remember was fighting Gollum on Mount Doom! What happened?

Gollum bit off your finger and fell with the Ring into the Cracks of Fire! Then Gandalf came with these Eagles to save us!

Gandalf! I thought you were KILLED by the Balrog!!

I was...! But then Sam started singing, and that's enough to waken the dead!

I'm through being a Wizard, Frodo!

Why? Because the Ring is destroyed and the Dark Lord is beaten and Middle Earth is saved?

No, not exactly! My reasons are far more personal! You see—

* *It's...pains you get all over from your bending down and talking to some Hobbit who is only three-foot-one;*
And it's...hanging out with Elves with all their grand and fancy manners till you think you're twice the clod you really are;
And it's fighting off your boredom while some Dwarf tells endless stories of a rock his half-wit Uncle couldn't find;
And I wonder if it's worth it, all this misery and hardship, and I really think it's time that I resigned!

It's the fight to save the people from the evil Force of Darkness and them telling you they'd like to try it out,
And it's struggles to the death that you are waging when you know you should have bought that condominium last year;
And it's looking for a reason why you've led this great adventure and discovering there's none that comes to mind;
And I know that if I'm killed again, I'd lose my Wizard's pension and I really think it's time that I resigned!

RESIGN! Gandalf

GIVE DARKNESS A CHANCE

UP WITH EVIL FORCES

EVIL SI! VIRTUE NO!

GARDEN CITY CONDOMINIUM 1-2-3 BED APTS TENNIS COURTS

* Sung to the tune of "*Gentle On My Mind*"

Does this mean that you won't be seen here in Middle Earth again, Gandalf?

In MIDDLE Earth—no! But in FUTURE Earth—yes! Centuries from now, I'll return in another form—as Obi ben Kenobi! And you, Frodo, will be Luke Skywalker! And instead of the Ring, we'll have the Force! Because—

* *When...you're...out*
To hook an aud-i-ence
And want to get...
the best re-sult,
Here's...how to
Boost your fol-low-ing:
Cre-ate a brand new cult!

And you can
do it with a
tale that's
miraculous;
A tale that's
miraculous;
Mir-ac-u-lous!

Hobbits, Elves and Ghostly Riders!
Magic Spells and Giant Spiders!
Evil Lords the world is fearing!
Plus a Ring for dis-ap-pearing!
Talking Trees and Giant Eagles!
Everything but Flying Beagles!
MIR-AC-U-LOUS!! MIR-AC-U-LOUS!!

* Sung to the tune of "*The Age Of Aquarius*"

ALL KIDDING A SNIDE DEPT.

There's always one person in every crowd who keeps the gang in stitches with his steady barrage of clever insults about everybody and everything under the sun. Chances are that you secretly admire the amateur Don Rickles in your group because of his quick wit, but you also hate him because you're one of the clods he keeps insulting. Well, it doesn't have to be that way, friends. You, too, can become a bubbling fountain of cruelty, taking pot shots at renowned people, places and things. To demonstrate the art of looking at the world with a perpetual sneer, we now offer the first (and only) volume of...

THE MAD NASTY BOOK

ARTIST HARRY NORTH, ESQ WRITER TOM KOCH

FRANK SINATRA

1....keeps all those muscle men around because he needs help lacing up his corset.
2....is remembered by your parents as a crooner who sang on key as recently as 1958.
3....never drinks before lunch because he's never awake before lunch.
4....only claims to be Italian so his pals in the Mafia will accept him as an equal
5....has such a violent temper that even his bodyguards hire bodyguards.

DISCOTHEQUES

1....are not hazardous to your health, assuming you've already lost your hearing and sanity somewhere else
2....shine bright lights in your face so you'll never notice that they don't have live entertainment.
3....are really just hiding places for people who dress too ridiculously to be seen on the streets.
4....are the only entertainment spots that have their best entertainment in the parking lot
5. are nice places to spend ten bucks listening to the same records you could hear at home for nothing.

DEBBIE BOONE

1....is a lot like her father, except that she weighs more
2....will never become another Anita Bryant because she's not as good at expressing her prejudices
3....is so overly pure and sweet that she was even rejected for membership in the Osmond family.
4....may be a descendant of Daniel Boone, who was never noted for his great singing voice either.
5....apparently is trying to make a lifetime career out of one hit song

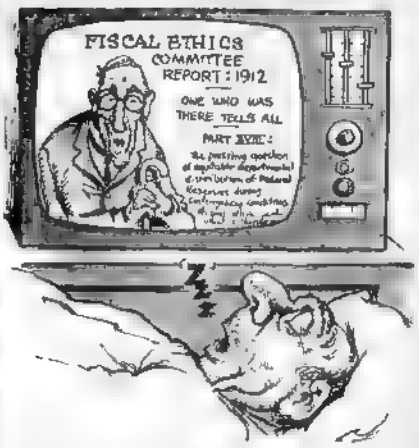
THE NATIONAL ENQUIRER

1....runs Jackie Onassis stories every week because there's never enough news about two-headed chickens to fill the paper.
2....provides entertainment for those who aren't quite bright enough to understand "Hee-Haw."
3....offers comfort to scholars who fear that modern civilization may be progressing too fast.
4....runs all the news that's fit to print—in a small box on Page 28.
5....will quote any psychic—except the ones who foresee coming lawsuits against the National Enquirer.

RONALD REAGAN

1....has his hair blackened at the same shop that varnishes Howard Cosell's toupee.
2....couldn't have played college football as he claims because football wasn't invented until 1869.
3....was lucky he had politics to fall back on when he flopped as a movie actor.
4....has one major qualification for President: He specializes in jobs that don't require previous experience.
5....had to give up sportcasting because he was never as good as Chris Schenkel or Alex Karras.

PUBLIC TELEVISION



1....keeps soliciting donations so it can stay on the air long enough to solicit more donations.
2....is the perfect channel to watch if you really dig long interviews with minor government bureaucrats.
3....exists chiefly to broadcast all of the dull programs that would be canceled if they were on a commercial network
4....assumes that any drama is a classic if the actors are all so British that you can't understand them.
5....appeals to a wide range of viewers: those too young to know and those too old to care.

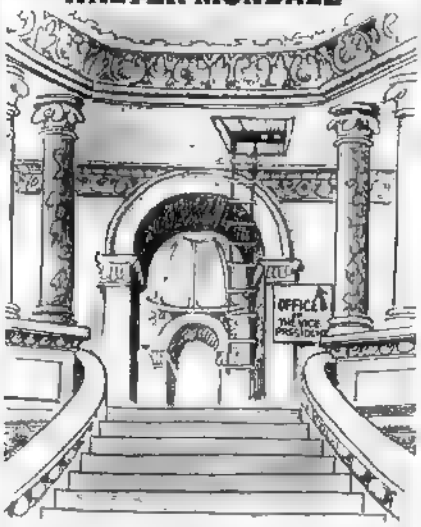
BARBARA WALTERS

1....may understand the news she reads, even though no one else can understand her when she reads it.
2....refuses to interview people prettier than herself, which invariably leaves her with Barbra Streisand and Fidel Castro.
3....would rather have been a Dallas Cowboys cheerleader, but her pom-poms weren't big enough.
4....is lucky she's not Richard Roundtree because that's a name she couldn't pronounce at all.
5....proves that anyone can become a TV star with enough perseverance and rudeness.

THE U.S. POSTAL SERVICE

1....has to pay exorbitant salaries to its workers because people who can move that slowly don't come cheap.
2....hopes to finish delivering all of the Vietnam War draft notices by sometime next summer.
3....is so completely automated that one employee can now smash 10,000 packages a day.
4....is forced to keep raising its rates because the cost of losing mail has risen tremendously.
5....has just made it cheaper for you to deliver a two-ounce letter to New Zealand in person.

WALTER MONDALE

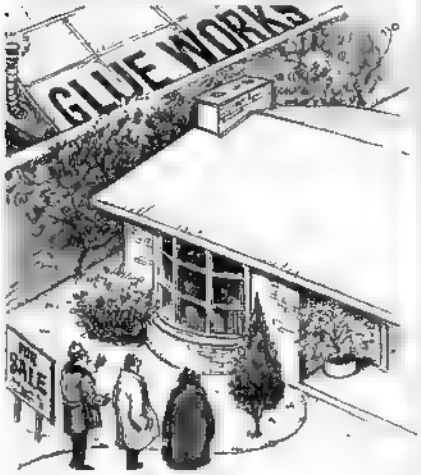


1....is trying to squelch rumors that he's been dead since 1977.
2....hopes to go down in history as our most memorable vice-president since Schuyler Colfax.
3....can't seem to stop trying out for the title role in "The Invisible Man."
4....is lucky that he's young enough to start a new and more glamourous career—like reading gas meters.
5....is best known for once getting his picture in the paper shaking hands with Amy Carter.

BILL WALTON

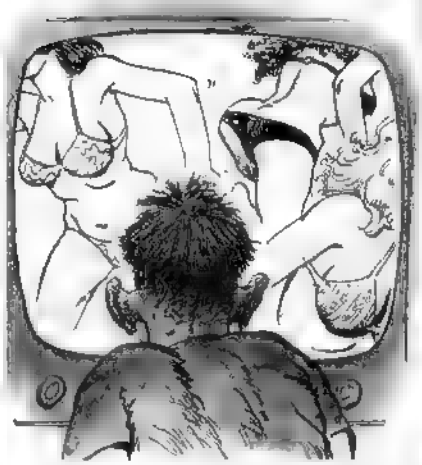
1....is upset because he's too pale to play with the Harlem Globetrotters and too wacky to play with the Three Stooges.
2....may have the best full season in N.B.A. history—if he ever plays one full season in the N.B.A.
3....spends all of his time in the great outdoors, except for 320 days a year when he's in court filing lawsuits.
4....is always auditioning for a part in the remake of "One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest."
5....is trying for a spot in the Guinness Book of Records as the world's tallest crybaby (or the world's last hippie).

REAL ESTATE AGENTS



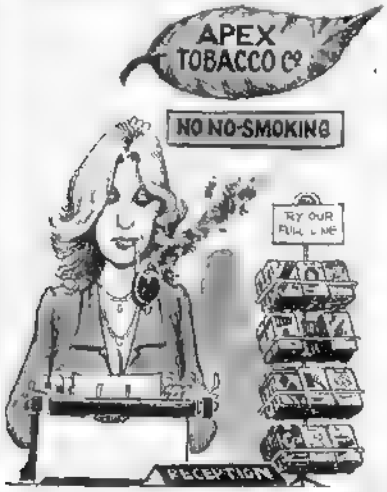
1....are usually people who were kicked out of the used car business for being too unethical.
2....wouldn't tell a lie for a million dollars, but they'll say anything for $89,500.
3... will soon be the only people rich enough to buy the houses they're trying to sell
4....often take courses in law so they can learn how to keep out of jail.
5....hope you're dumb enough to believe that any old house you buy will be worth $10,000 more, once you give it a $500 paint job.

"CHARLIE'S ANGELS"



1....can change cast members each season without having it noticed because nobody ever looks at their faces.
2....has added a whole new dimension to TV drama—shallowness.
3....is the most realistic action show to hit television since Woody Woodpecker retired.
4....is enjoyed by viewers who aren't smart enough to understand anything else on TV except the test pattern.
5....uses scripts that were rejected for cheap porno movies because the plots were too unbelievable

THE TOBACCO INDUSTRY

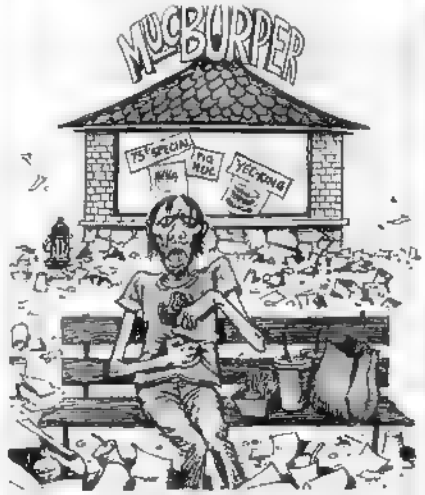


1....still insists that the three main causes of lung cancer are flat feet, backgammon and gargling with Top Job.
2....considers a scientific test to be inconclusive unless it kills everyone who takes it.
3....hopes that enough kids will start smoking to make up for all the older smokers who are dropping dead.
4....has warned the Surgeon General that telling everything he knows may be hazardous to his health.
5....won't even concede that inhaling water causes drowning.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

1....looks a lot better on her postage stamps than she does in person.
2....may be a good speaker, but her voice is pitched so high that only dogs can hear it.
3....wears those awful hats because she can't find any other way to get an audience to laugh.
4....is living proof that any woman can land a good job if she's in the right place at the right time.
5....will be chosen Best Dressed Woman of 1946, if they ever decide to give that award again.

FAST FOOD JOINTS



1....have shown us it's possible to get indigestion and malnutrition at the same time.
2....now offer warm lard in a total of 83 fascinating flavors.
3....have to cut corners by serving lousy food so they can afford more TV commercials to sell it.
4....are the only places that make you take a number and wait in line to be poisoned.
5....serve everything wrapped in paper and plastic so you can follow the trail of litter to their nearest franchise.

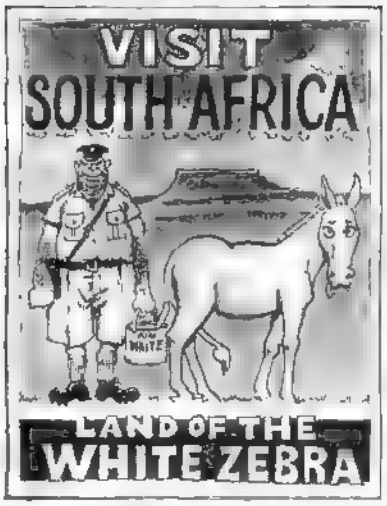
THE CHICAGO CUBS

1....have three outfielders who think the game they're playing is volleyball.
2....might do better if they didn't insist on scheduling major league opponents.
3....play all their home games in the daytime because enraged fans aren't as likely to attack then.
4....haven't won a pennant in so long that they can't remember what they're trying to do
5....have fielded a team every year since 1876, and some of the guys are beginning to show their age.

ILIE NASTASE

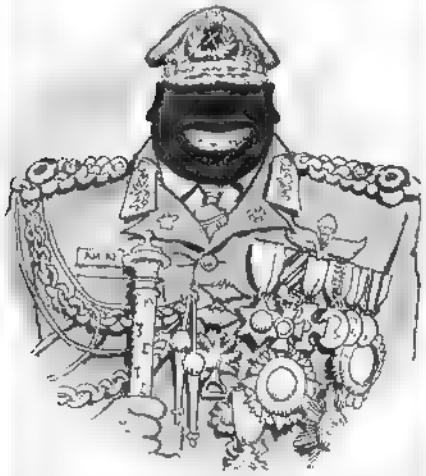
1....always gestures with his middle finger because he thinks it's rude to use the same one he picks his nose with.
2....is the only person in the world who can make Jimmy Connors seem like a gentleman.
3....somehow thinks he's psyching out an opponent when he's really just making a complete ass of himself
4. ..is a fun guy to have around, assuming you enjoy being screamed at in Roumanian
5....refuses to cut his hair shorter because he knows it would cause him to look even more like Charley Callas.

SOUTH AFRICA



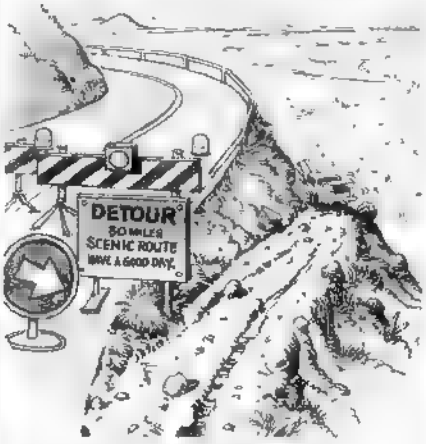
1....is a terrible place to visit, but you wouldn't want to live there
2....is a shopper's paradise, assuming the main things you're shopping for are Krugerrands and slaves.
3....is one of the few countries with two national languages, and the only country that can't talk sense in either of them.
4....doesn't enter the Olympics because its athletes only run fast when they're waving guns and chasing black people.
5....is looking forward to the year 2000 so it can start the 19th Century again.

IDI AMIN



1....wears so much gold braid on his cap that it's pressed down and mashed his brain.
2....wouldn't mind being named Homicidal Maniac Of The Year if they'd give him a medal to go with the title.
3....shows great form on the palace basketball court, now that the guy who used to guard him has been executed.
4....forced everyone out of Uganda who is smarter than he is, which left the country with a population of 14.
5....is unfairly called insane when he's really just a sadistic, paranoid mental deficient

STATE HIGHWAY DEPARTMENTS



1....are convinced that half the fun of having a detour is springing it on you without warning
2....love to open a new stretch of road before a single gasoline station has been built anywhere near it.
3....take half your money in gas tax so they can build toll roads that will take the rest of your money.
4....save all of their big construction jobs for mid-summer so they can inconvenience more tourists.
5....send out travel brochures that omit every unpleasant fact about the area that might keep you from coming.

JOHN TRAVOLTA

1. . has an amazing natural talent for playing dumb, inarticulate high school drop-outs.
2....only seems to have a sexy walk because he wears bed springs inside his shoes.
3....may be the biggest new star to hit Hollywood since Frankie Avalon.
4....majored in mumbling at the Marlon Brando School of Speech.
5....had his chin dimpled by the same plastic surgeon who brought fame to Kirk Douglas

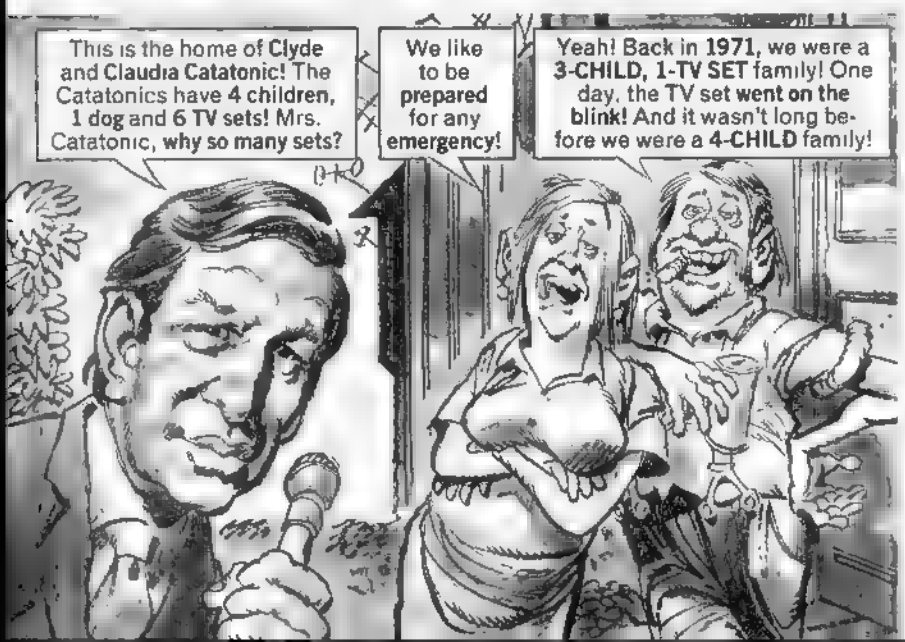
SCHLOCK WATCH DEPT.

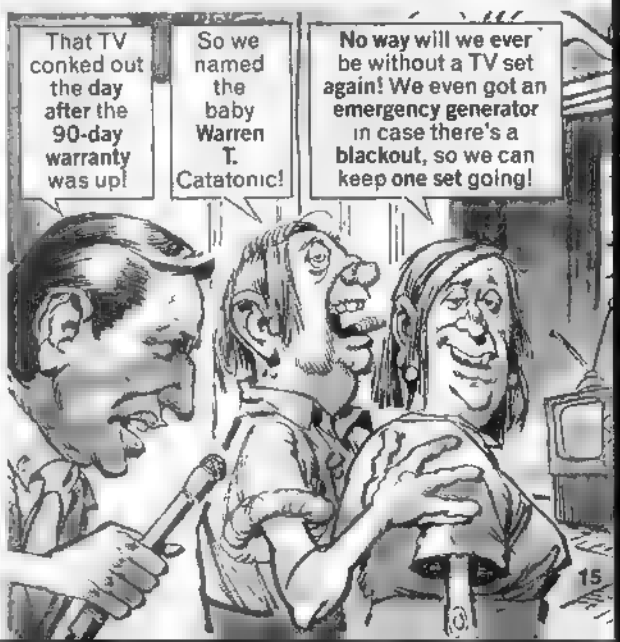
Alcoholism and narcotics have been given reams of publicity by the mass media, but the worst addiction of all . . . "TV-A" . . . "Television Addiction" . . . has been ignored. In fact, the media has acted as if "TV-A" doesn't exist, even though it affects almost every family in America. So join us now as we tear away the curtain of secrecy and take a MAD look at "TV-A" in this special version of—

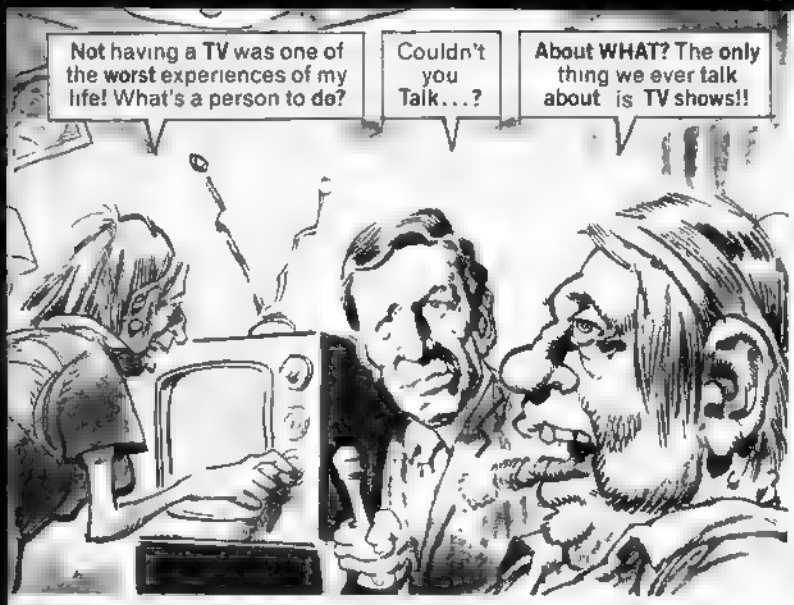
SIXTY* SECONDS

*WHICH IS ABOUT ALL THE TIME THIS ARTICLE DESERVES

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER LOU SILVERSTONE

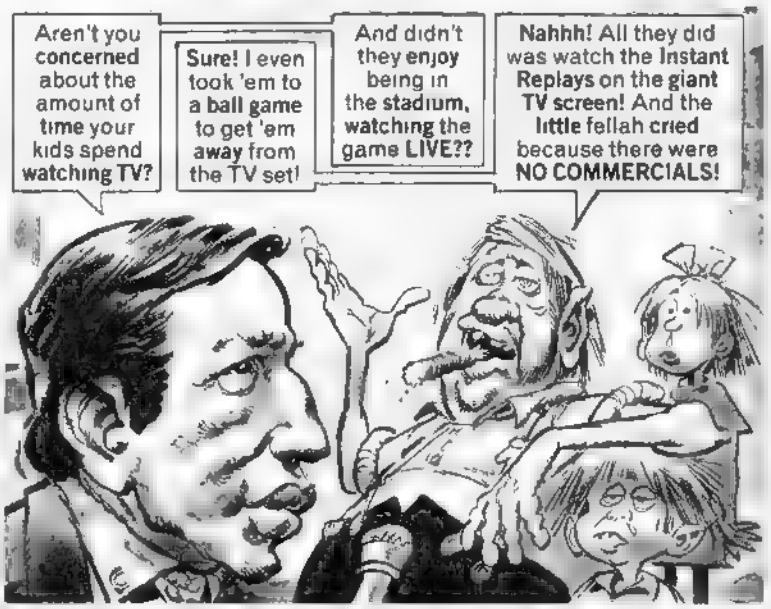




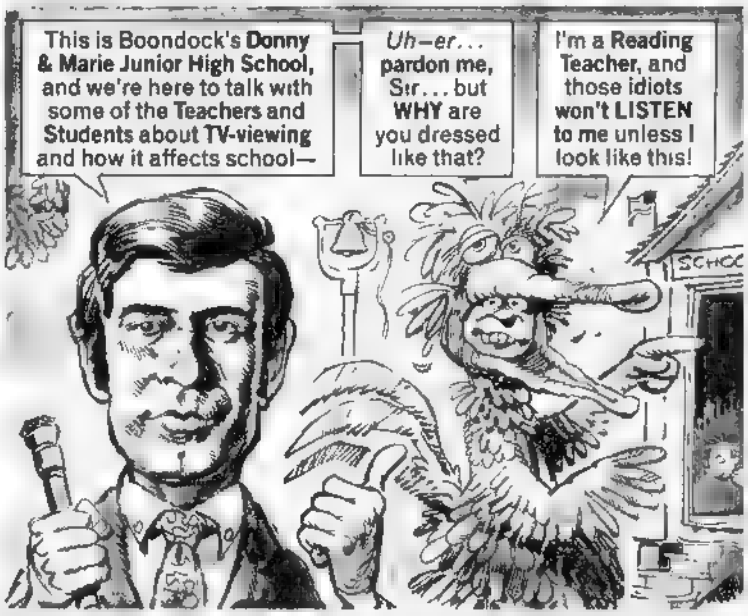

Not having a TV was one of the worst experiences of my life! What's a person to do?
Couldn't you Talk...?
About WHAT? The only thing we ever talk about is TV shows!!

Mommy! I've got some good news, and some bad news! First, the good news: The dog was hit by a car!
What's the bad news?
I told the Vet to fix him up with BIONIC PARTS!! now, I'll have the only Bionic Dog in Boondock!!

Don't your children know that that tricky bionic stuff was all done with slow-motion cameras... and double-exposures?!?
So THAT's how they did it!?! Well, I'll be durned!
I wish I'd known that before I tried to lift up our car... and ruptured myself!
THE SIX MILLION DOLLAR MAN


Aren't you concerned about the amount of time your kids spend watching TV?
Sure! I even took 'em to a ball game to get 'em away from the TV set!
And didn't they enjoy being in the stadium, watching the game LIVE??
Nahhh! All they did was watch the Instant Replays on the giant TV screen! And the little fellah cried because there were NO COMMERCIALS!

Well... I see at least ONE of your children is interested in something else besides TV! Does she want to be a Ballet Dancer?
WHAT Ballet? She's trying to turn into WONDER WOMAN!


This is Boondock's Donny & Marie Junior High School, and we're here to talk with some of the Teachers and Students about TV-viewing and how it affects school—
Uh—er... pardon me, Sir... but WHY are you dressed like that?
I'm a Reading Teacher, and those idiots won't LISTEN to me unless I look like this!

It's embarrassing... a grown man with a Master's degree, parading around like a goldarn chicken! And THEN those morons will only listen to me for four minutes because, thanks to TV, that's the length of their attention span!

Hey, Man, what are YOU complaining about? You should try teaching MATH!! I've got to contort myself into the shapes of the numbers!! You think it's EASY ... trying to make yourself into a number THREE?!?

This is Mr. Gather, from MAD Magazine!

What's a magazine?

I know!! That's what my Father looks in, to see what's on TV!

This is Coach Winsocki! Coach, have your players learned anything from watching the Pros play on TV?

Sure! They've learned how to dance around in the end zone, and spike the ball! Too bad they haven't learned how to score!

They're also great at shouting, "We're Number One!" ... and they can say, "I use Brut!" with a phony Southern accent! But I wish they'd pick up something useful, like a little violence!

This is a "TV-A Clinic" run by Dr. Welby Marcus, one of the nation's leading experts on TV-Addiction! Dr. Marcus, what steps have you taken to find a cure for "TV-A"?

Well, I limit myself to four hours of TV-viewing a day, but believe me, it's not easy!

I meant —what steps have you taken to cure others?

Oh! We were conducting some meaningful experiments, exposing lab animals to TV for 24 hours a day, but the ASPCA made us stop! They said it was cruel and inhumane treatment!

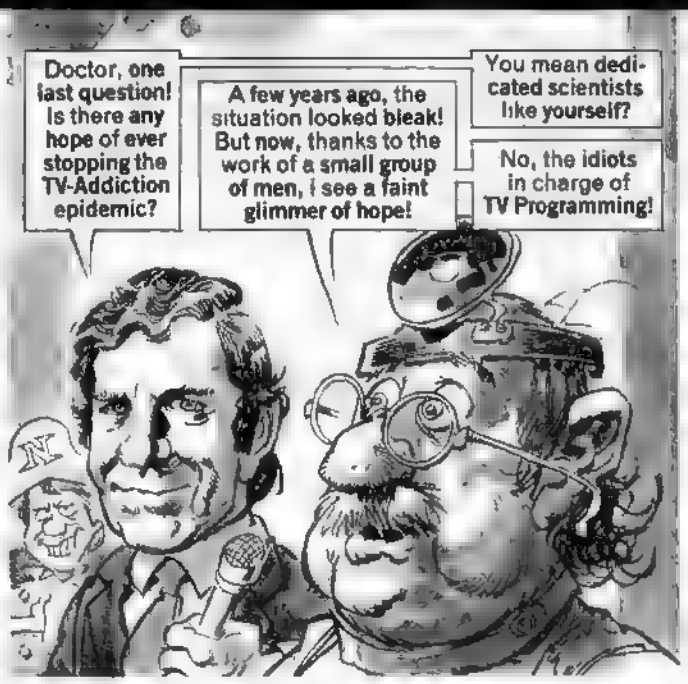
Doctor ... may we see some of your patients?

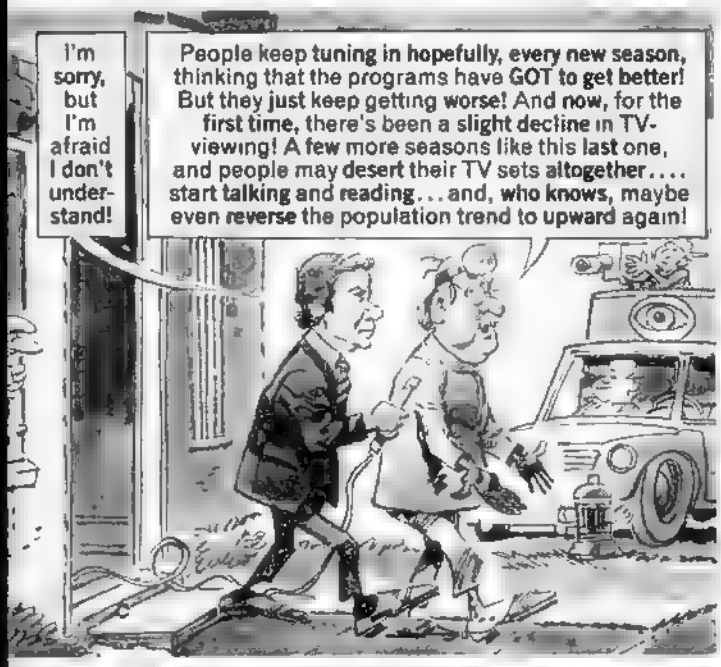
Okay... but let me warn you! It's not a pretty sight! Any of your readers who may be a little bit squeamish better skip the next few panels!

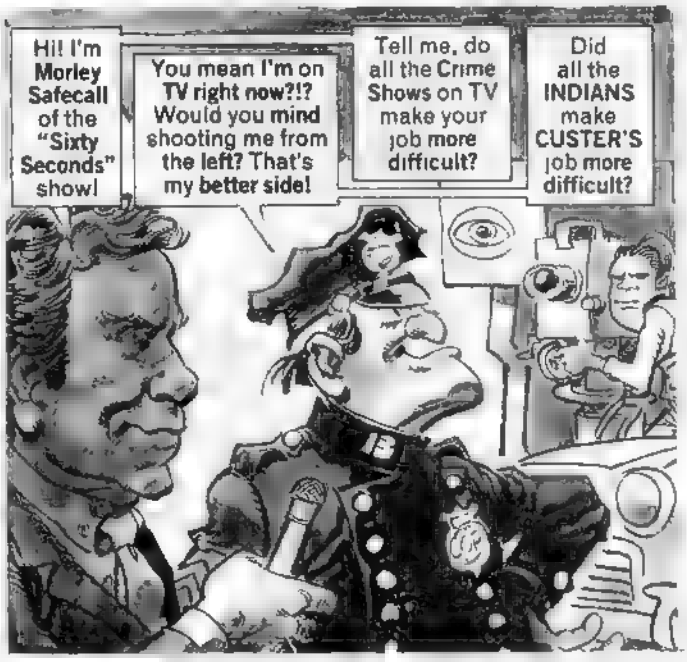
We're attempting to cure THIS poor devil by "cold turkey"! He's locked in there without a TV set!

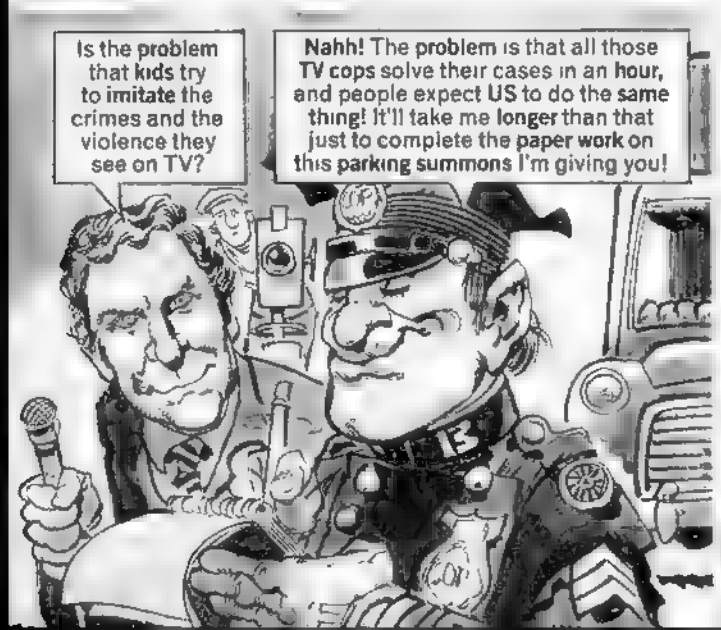
Please! I have to see TV! Anything? "Donny & Marie"! A laxative commercial! The CBS eye! Just turn on a set and turn it off again, and let me watch the little white dot disappear! Help!!

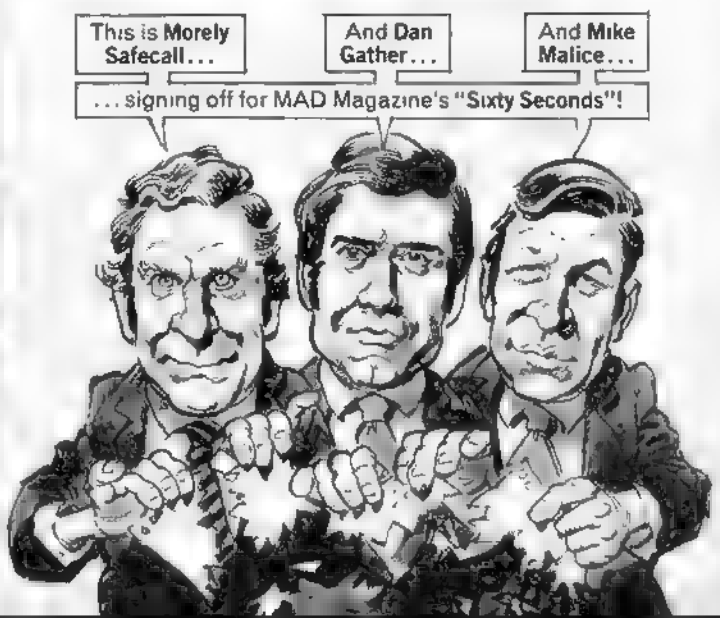
And this is our Recreation Room...
I Flick my Bic!
I squeeze the Charmin!
Ring around the collar!
Plop! Plop! Fizz! Fizz!
Ho-Ho-Ho! Me Jolly Green Giant!


Doctor, one last question! Is there any hope of ever stopping the TV-Addiction epidemic?
A few years ago, the situation looked bleak! But now, thanks to the work of a small group of men, I see a faint glimmer of hope!
You mean dedicated scientists like yourself?
No, the idiots in charge of TV Programming!


I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I don't understand!
People keep tuning in hopefully, every new season, thinking that the programs have GOT to get better! But they just keep getting worse! And now, for the first time, there's been a slight decline in TV-viewing! A few more seasons like this last one, and people may desert their TV sets altogether.... start talking and reading... and, who knows, maybe even reverse the population trend to upward again!


Hi! I'm Morley Safecall of the "Sixty Seconds" show!
You mean I'm on TV right now?!? Would you mind shooting me from the left? That's my better side!
Tell me, do all the Crime Shows on TV make your job more difficult?
Did all the INDIANS make CUSTER'S job more difficult?


Is the problem that kids try to imitate the crimes and the violence they see on TV?
Nahh! The problem is that all those TV cops solve their cases in an hour, and people expect US to do the same thing! It'll take me longer than that just to complete the paper work on this parking summons I'm giving you!


This is Morely Safecall...
And Dan Gather...
And Mike Malice...
...signing off for MAD Magazine's "Sixty Seconds"!

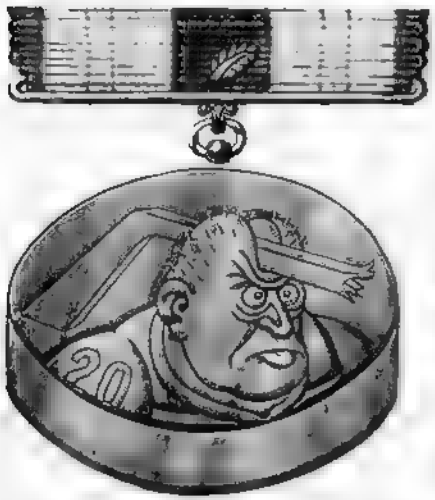
GIVIN' 'EM A RIBBIN' DEPT.

Why restrict the awarding of medals to the military? After all, Civilians perform heroic acts while fighting life's daily battles as well! Let's recognize them with

THIS ISSUE'S PROPOSED MAD MEDALS

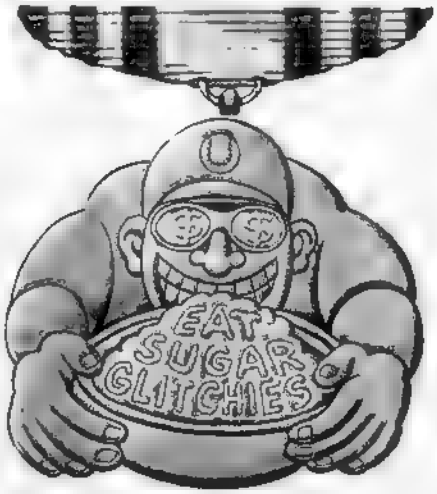
TO BE PRESENTED TO DESERVING PROFESSIONAL ATHLETES

THE BROKEN HOCKEY STICK AWARD



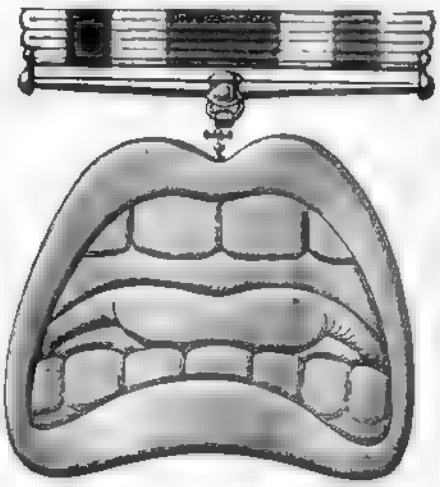
Awarded to those Athletes who bravely display competitive ferociousness and brutality by mutilating and otherwise injuring opponents, thus insuring the thrills necessary to fill stands with screaming bloodthirsty sadistic fans.

THE BIG SELL OUT CITATION



For fearlessly appearing in ads aimed at worshipping young fans, endorsing products—regardless of whether they are good, bad, or downright harmful—thereby aiding our economy in general, and medal recipient's in particular.

THE FLAPPING MOUTH MEDAL



For gallantly pretending viciousness and hostility toward opponents at the weigh-ins in order create interest and insure huge gate receipts . . . and then turning into a perfectly decent non-belligerent gentleman in the ring.

THE RAUCOUS RHUBARB AWARD

For brilliant tactical achievement in the art of acting indignant, thereby inducing umpires and referees into calling fouls and penalties against opposing team members, when actually medal recipient is the real culprit.

THE TRUE-BLUE TEAMMATE MEDAL

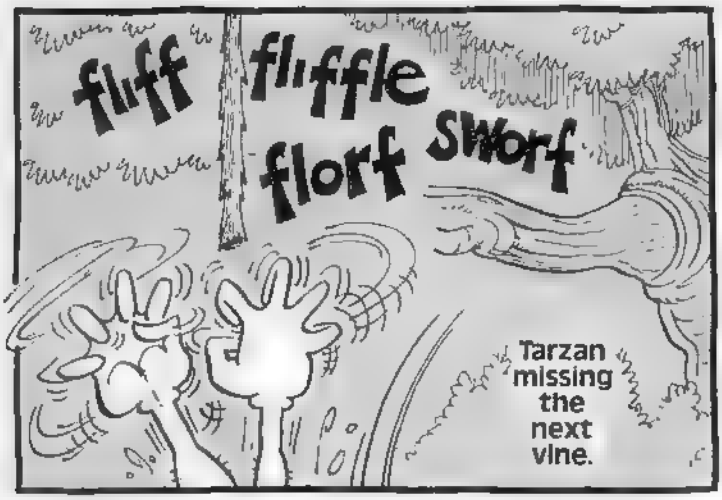
For a heroic performance, showing love and loyalty to hometown team fans . . . while at the same time suffering under the psychological strain of secretly negotiating to be traded for the sole purpose of receiving a lot more money.

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

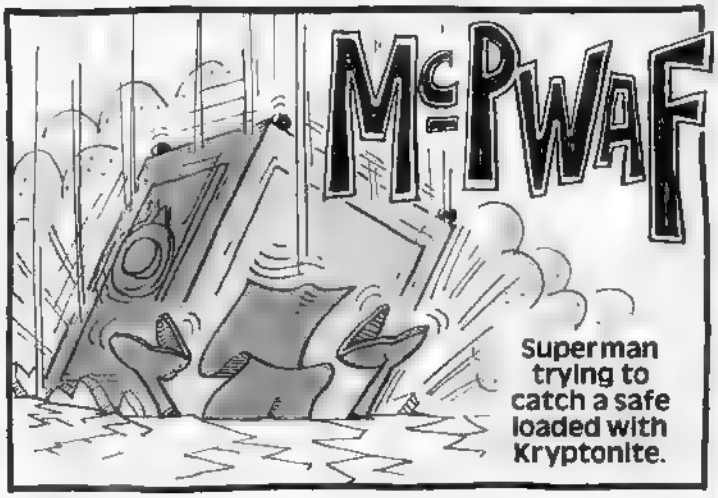
NOISE SOLUTION DEPT.

DON MARTIN'S GUIDE TO SOME VERY OBSCURE COMICS

ARTIST DON MARTIN



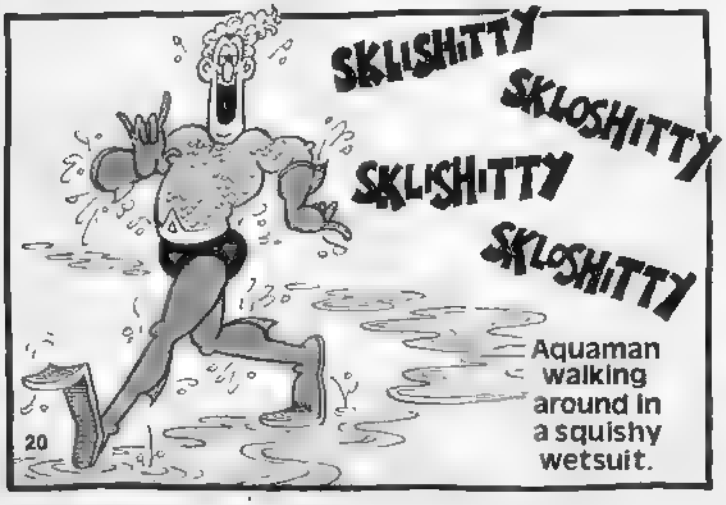
Tarzan missing the next vine.



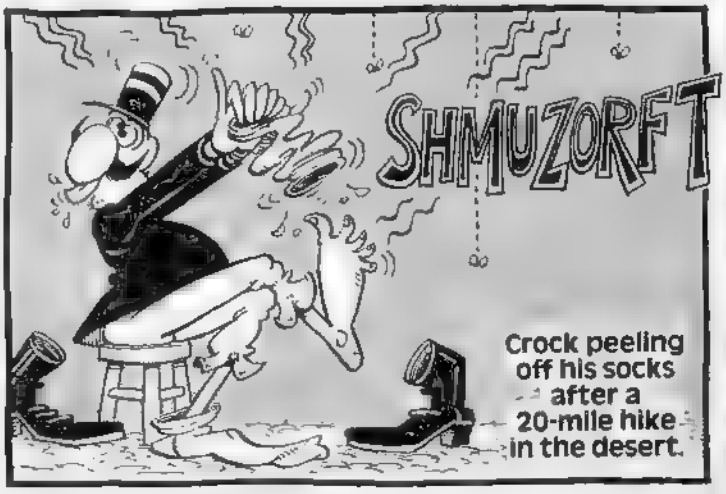
Superman trying to catch a safe loaded with Kryptonite.

The Human Torch hugging his girlfriend!

Iron Man sneezing inside his iron mask.



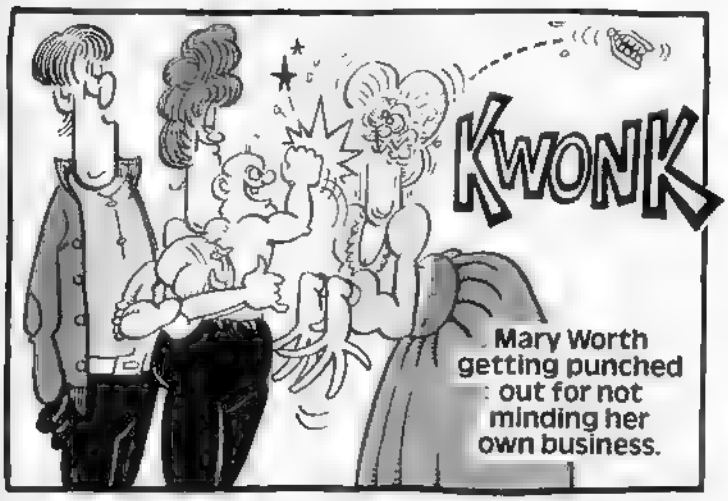
Aquaman walking around in a squishy wetsuit.



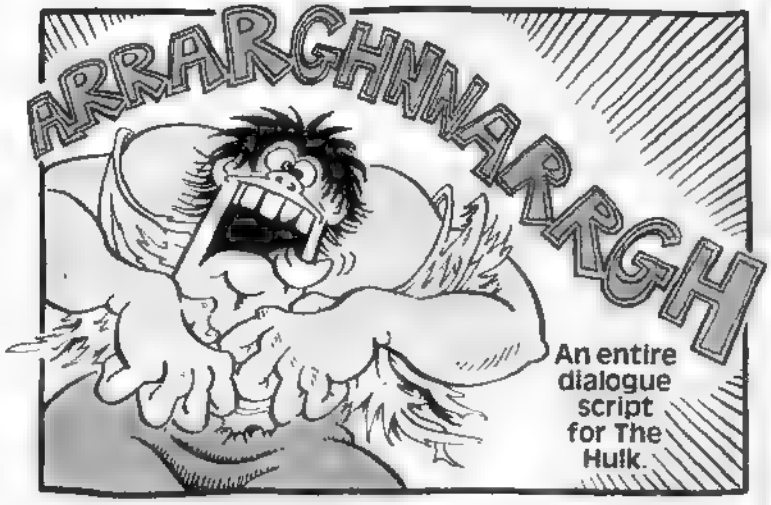
Crock peeling off his socks after a 20-mile hike in the desert.

SOUND EFFECTS

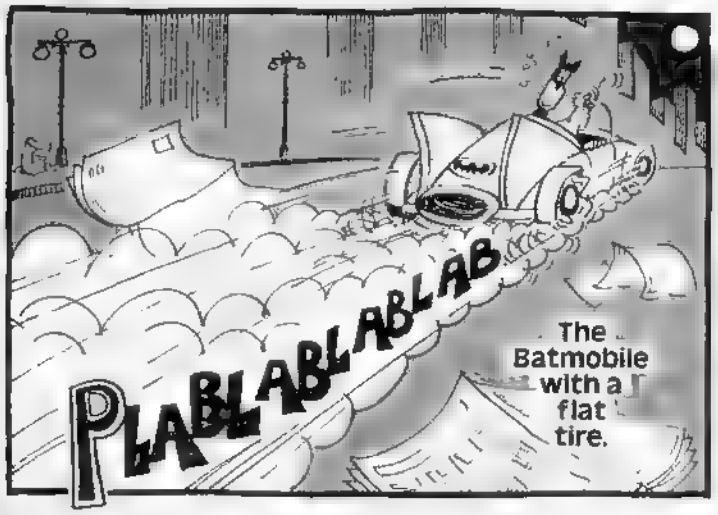
WRITER DON EDWING



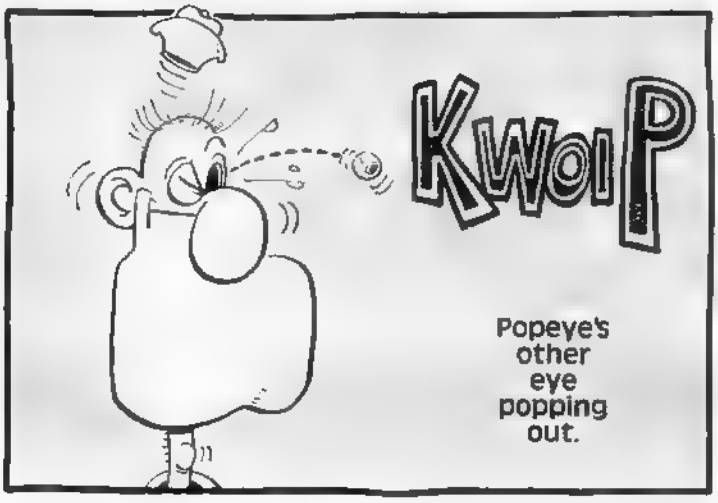
Mary Worth getting punched out for not minding her own business.



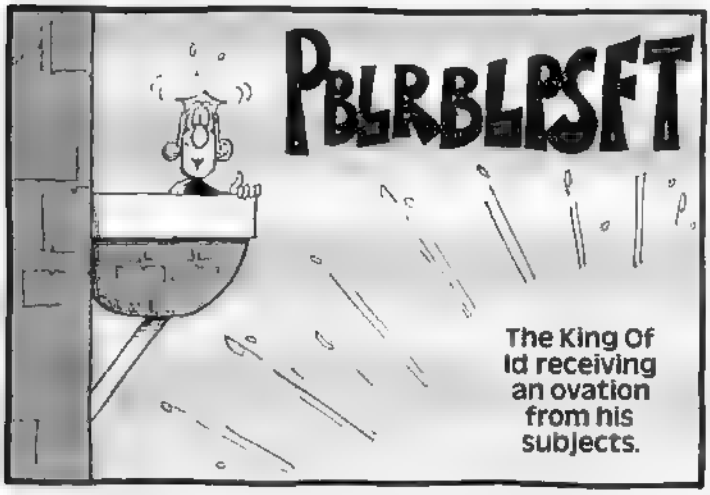
An entire dialogue script for The Hulk.



The Batmobile with a flat tire.



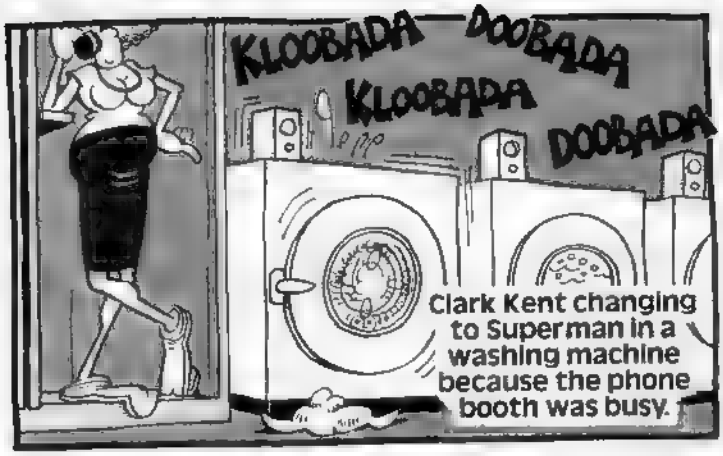
Popeye's other eye popping out.



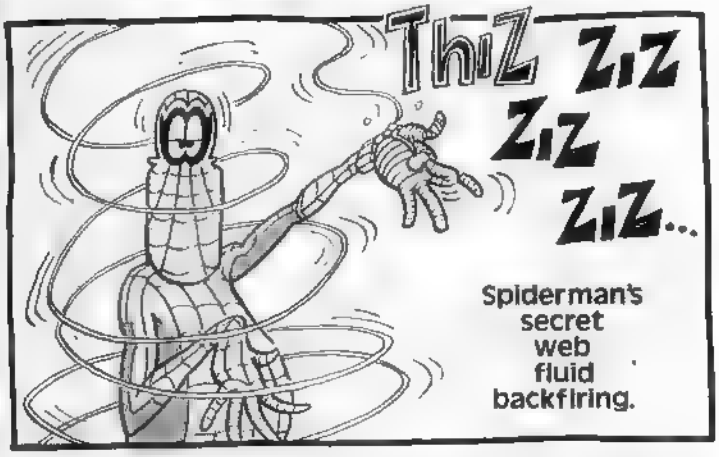
The King Of Id receiving an ovation from his subjects.

Sandy with a cold, warning Annie of a rapist hiding in the closet.

Wonder Woman releasing her Amazon brassiere

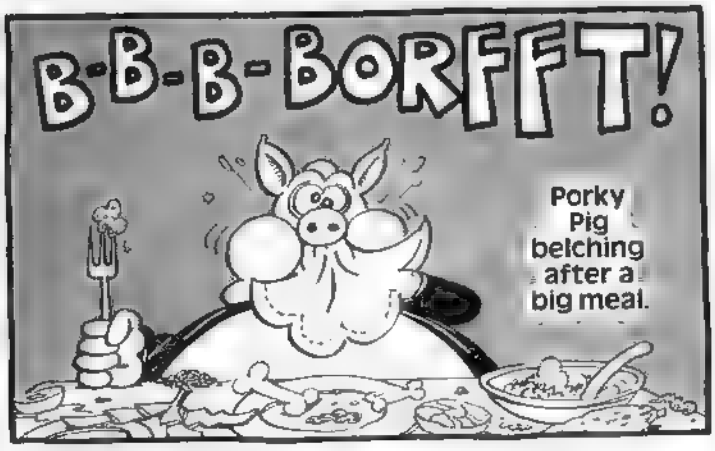


Clark Kent changing to Superman in a washing machine because the phone booth was busy.

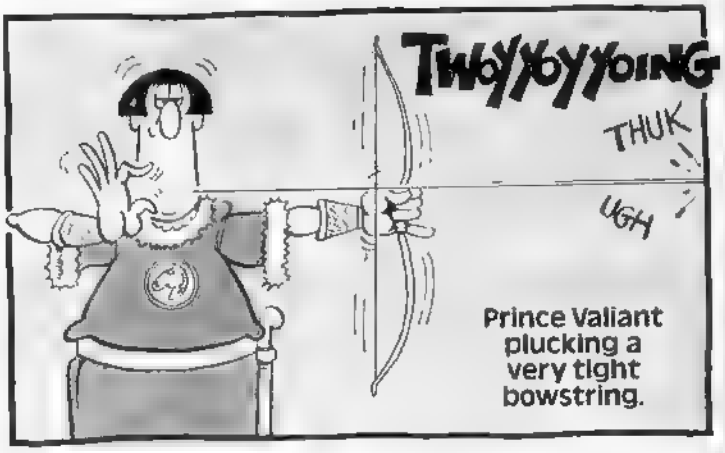


Spiderman's secret web fluid backfiring.

Hägar The Horrible sitting on his Viking helmet.

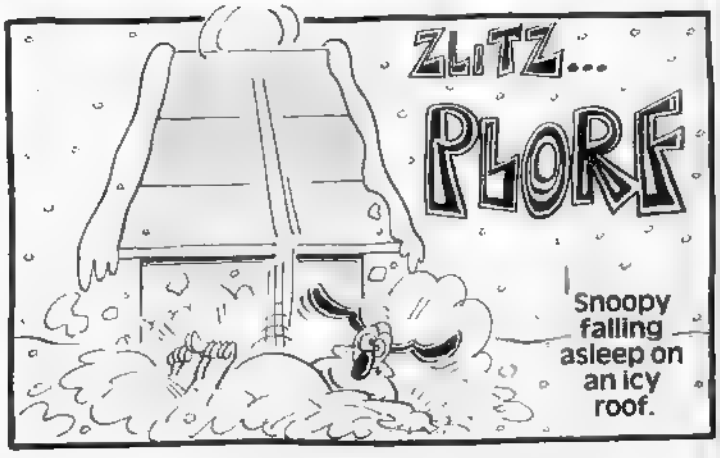


Porky Pig belching after a big meal.

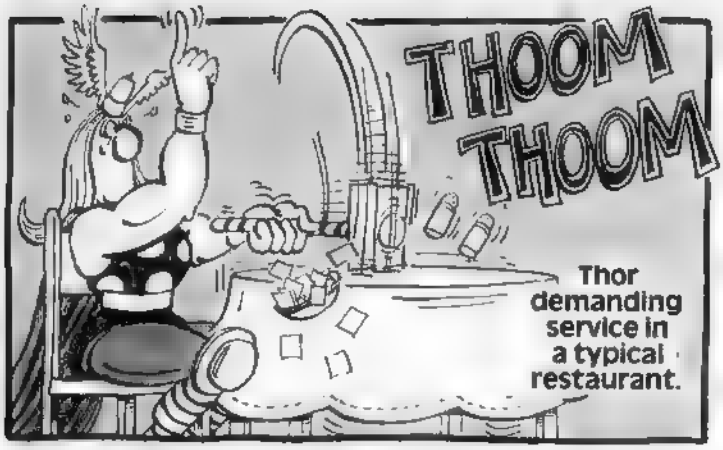


Prince Valiant plucking a very tight bowstring.

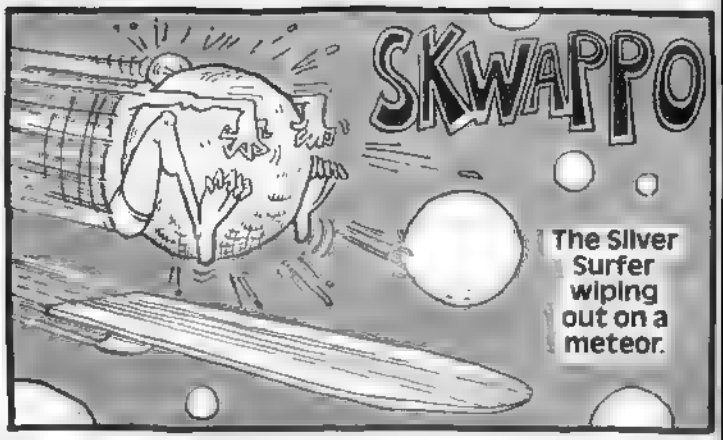
Alley Oop getting in the way of his pet dinosaur.



Snoopy falling asleep on an icy roof.



Thor demanding service in a typical restaurant.

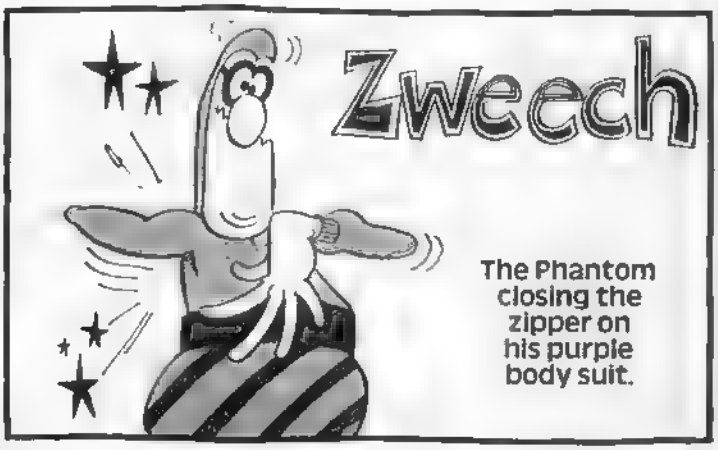


The Silver Surfer wiping out on a meteor.

Andy Capp drinking water by mistake.

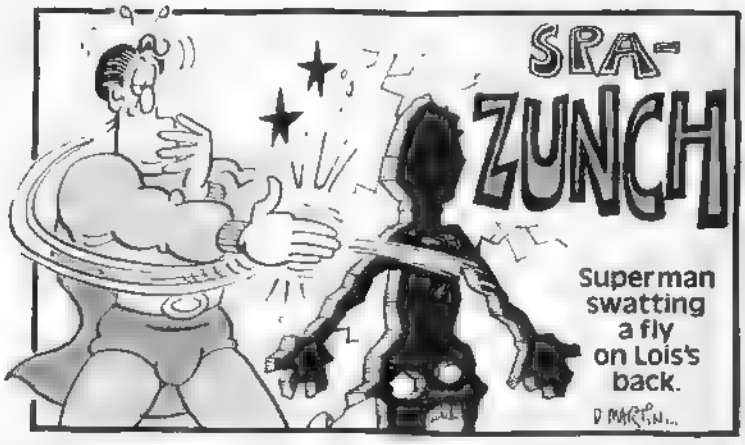
The Katzenjammer Kids' dog barking at them in German.

Olive Oyl falling down a sidewalk grating and being saved by her nose.



The Phantom closing the zipper on his purple body suit.

Plastic Man giving a guy on the 32nd floor the finger.



Superman swatting a fly on Lois's back.

For every woman there comes a day when she must write a letter ending the relationship with the guy who no longer is the man of her dreams. Such a missive is called a "Dear John" letter,

MAD'S ALL INCLUSI

"Dear John Letter"

Dear John:

I don't know quite how to tell you this, but _____(1)_____. I think I first knew it _____(2)_____ _____(3)_____, and I saw you _____(4)_____ _____(5)_____. I'm sure you're _____(6)_____ enough to see _____(7)_____.

I'm returning _____(8)_____, but I'm holding on to _____(9)_____ as a keepsake. I want you to know that I'll _____(10)_____ your _____(11)_____.

_____(12)_____.

Wilma

1

our romance is over
our affair is dead
I'm entering a convent
I loathe you
our horoscopes clash
you're a sickie
you need to bathe more
I'm a streetwalker
your nostrils offend me
there's a contract out for you
you're a schmuck
I'm in love with your sister

5

my best friend
my father
E.F. Hutton
my whoopee cushion
my spinach soufflé
Bert and Ernie
my avocado plant
my penpal in Ghana
my Franklin Mint Collection
the Oakland front four
my Billy Carter statue
that crazed monk

9

your photo
those oil stocks
my virginity
your neighbor Ralph
the results of the blood-test
your left ear
your suicide note
your mother
my sanity
your ant colony
your police record
Murray's leotards

and MAD would like to assist all women who have the unpleasant job of writing one. Here it is: Simply fill in the numbered blanks from the corresponding numbered lists . . . and you'll have . . .

VE DO-IT-YOURSELF

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

2

that night
last year
skinny-dipping
tripping on tangerine seeds
last Arbor day
when you shackled me
when I threw up
when I saw that shrunken head
when your dwarf bit me
reciting "Gunga Din"
swapping tennis shoes
when your sheepdog went berserk

3

in your pad
in your camper
outside Poughkeepsie
under the bus
in your closet
while eating enchilladas
with Reverend Moon
in drag
at the Hare Krishna prom
on the funny farm
in a trance
with the Mondales

4

make a pass at
insult
ignore
punch out
pour syrup over
carve your initials on
tear the clothes off
apply leeches to
render impotent
yank the toupee off
sit on
exorcise

6

man
sensitive
open-minded
ashamed
stoned
gutless
scarred
Mongol
masochistic
senile
Republican
frostbitten

7

how miserable I've been
what a bore you are
your Datsun sucks
your acne is terminal
I've had a sex change
there is no Mid-East solution
we're first cousins
there is no Santa Claus
I'm allergic to your hamster
I dig sanitation men
that I'm bionic
that "The Gong Show" stinks

8

your ring
your love-letters
your Darth Vader poster
your pet rock
to the commune
those slides of Altoona
your dentures
to sleeping around
our matching Snoopy bibs
your Bicentennial truss
to Saturn
your bag of immies

10

always treasure
never forget
try to blot out
inform the I.R.S. about
always feel unclean about
never scoff openly at
make a movie based on
tell the "Enquirer" about
inform the asylum about
get nauseous thinking of
tell my priest about
be a lot better off without

11

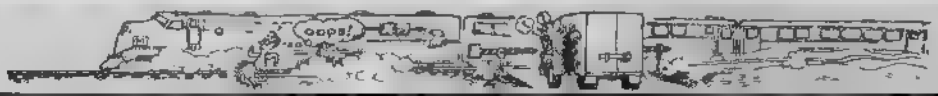
friendship
senility
new life as a clone
Eskimo incarnation
capo Angelo
cocaine habit
passion for fieldmice
Jackie Mason imitations
embarrassing rash
eggplant fetish
screwing up World War II
hatred of Tampa

12

Fondly
Sincerely
Painfully
Eat your heart out
With disgust
With great relief
Up yours
Your undying enemy
Best to your frog Leonard
Now bug off
Good luck on your parole
Regards to your creepy family

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... COOL



ING OFF

ARTIST & WRITER DAVE BERG

It's **freezing** in here! Will you **turn down** that darn **air conditioner!!**

I just **get it** to a **comfortable level,** and **you** come in here and **complain!** You're **always** complaining! **Night** and **day,** you complain over **every little thing!**

This is a hell of a **meaningful relationship** we have! We can't even agree on the **room temperature!**

Why must we **always fight?** Why must I **always give in??** Why can't we be **civilized???**

For once, I'll **agree** with you! You're **right!** Let's **compromise!** **You'll** do a little . . . and **I'll** do a little! **Okay?** First, **you** turn down the **air conditioner!**

Okay . . . that's what **I'LL** do! Now, what'll **YOU** do?

I'll stop complaining!!

It's **about time!** Where in heck were you?

Stalled in the lousy **rush-hour traffic!** With these **high temperatures,** cars were **overheating** like **crazy!**

Well, that's **too bad!** All afternoon, I slaved over a **hot stove** to make you a **nice meal!** It's been on the dining room table for **two hours, waiting** for you!

It's **too warm** for a big, heavy, hot meal! Do you have anything **cold . . . ?**

I sure do!

YOUR DINNER!!

Will you **look at that?** Those girls are **practically naked!!**

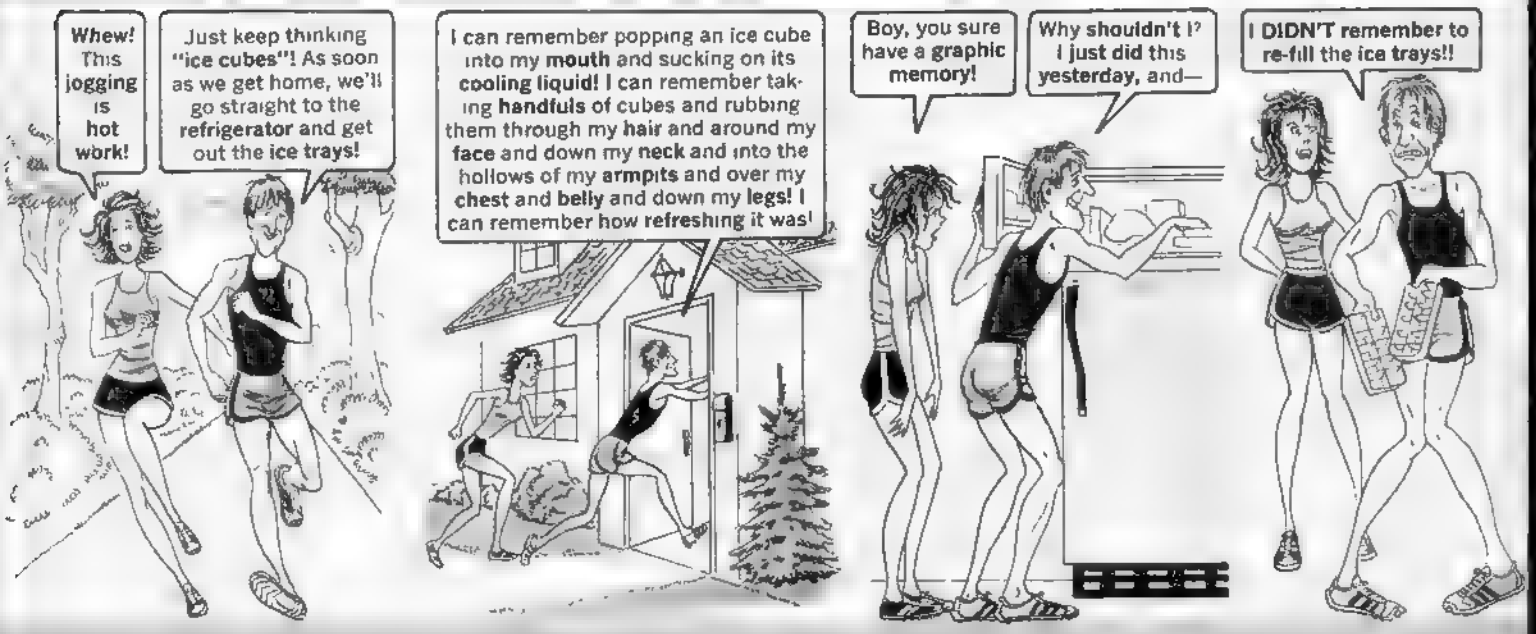
Is there no **modesty** left? Is there no **shame?** What happened to **morality?** Is **sex** the **only** thing on people's **minds** today?

Calm down! Have a little **empathy!** It's **93 degrees!** The **theory** is . . . the **less encumbering** the **clothes,** the **cooler** the person is!

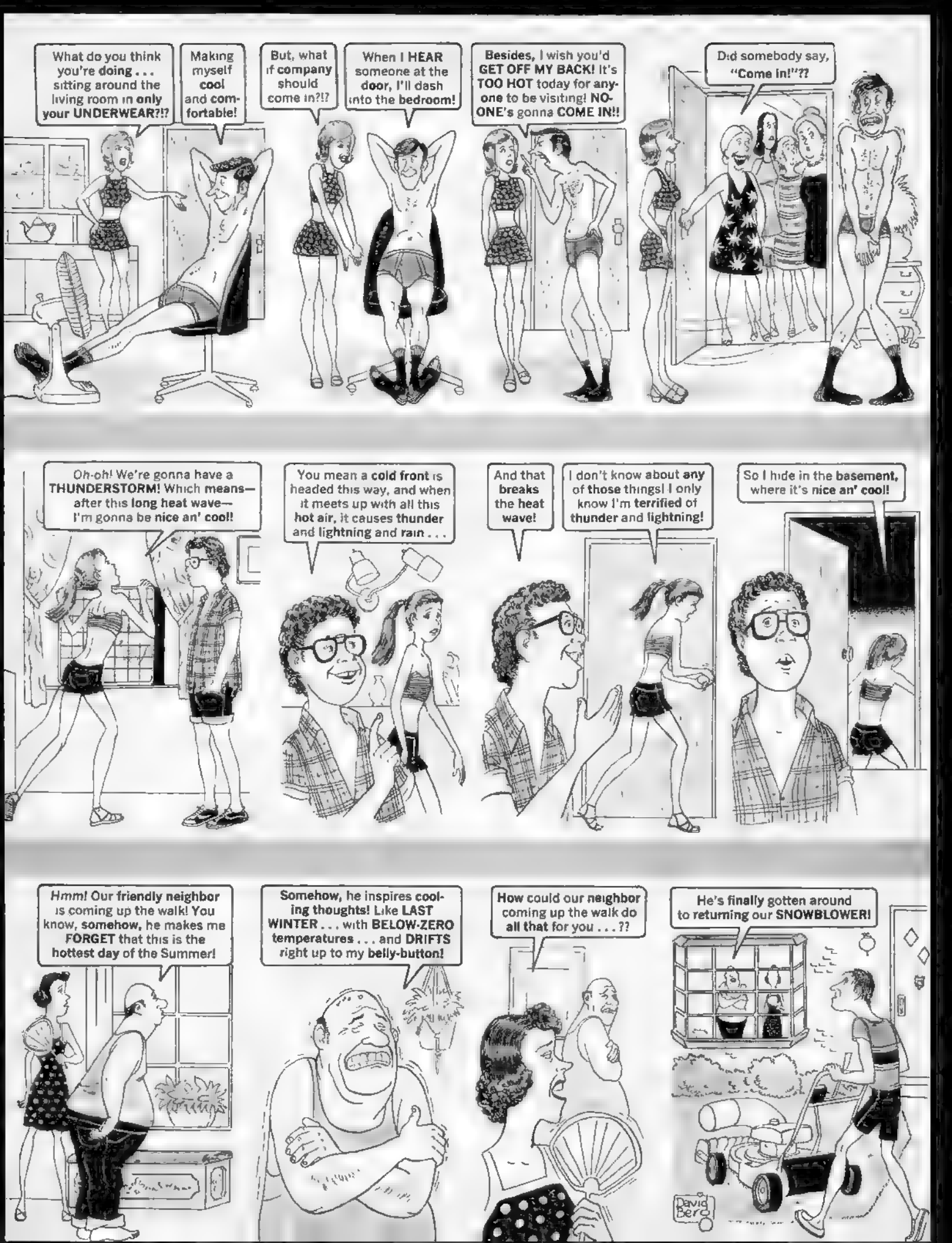
A false assumption!

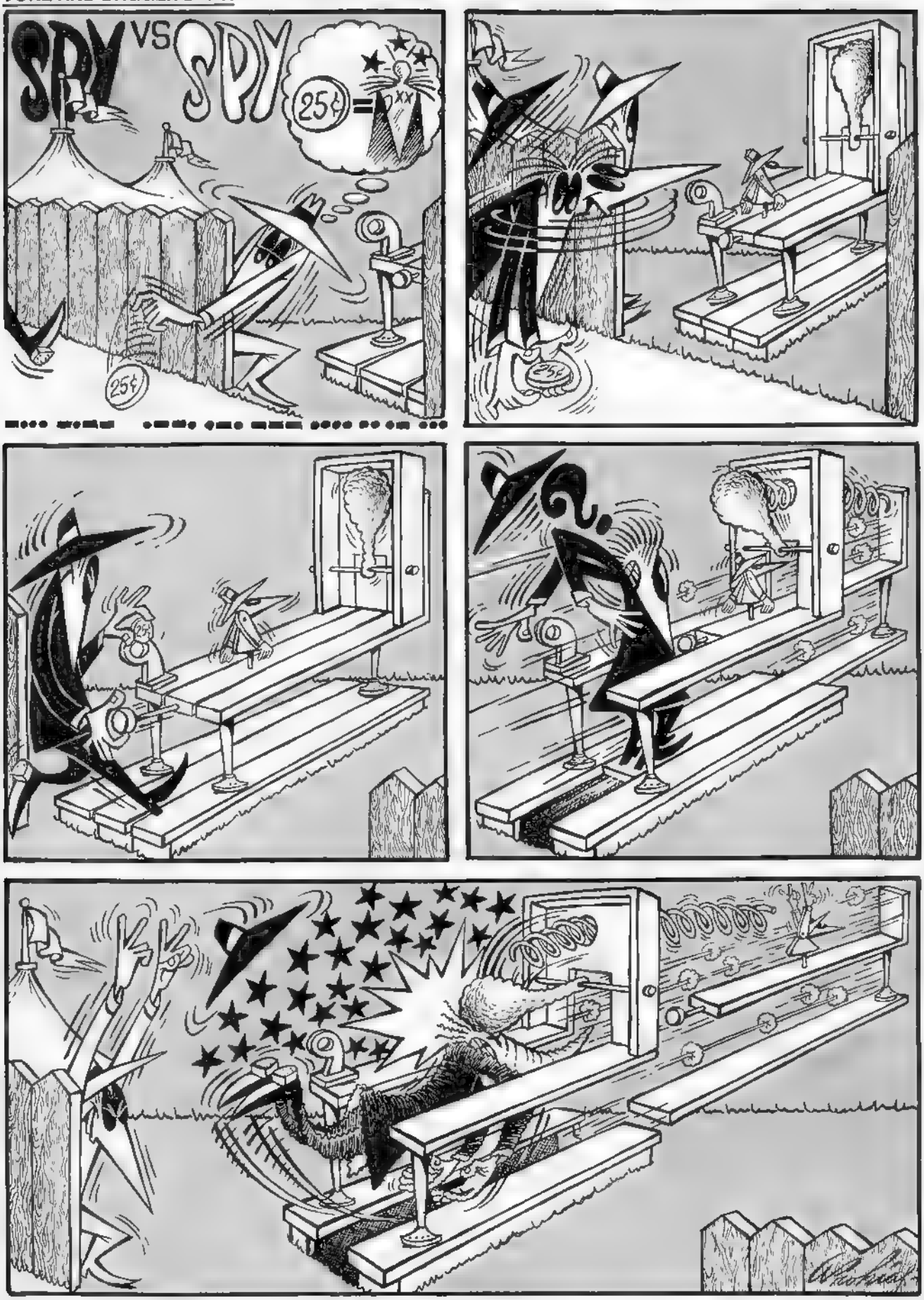
The cooler **THEY** get . . . the **HOTTER I GET!!**

You know how it is when you get into a convertible that's been parked in the hot sun? You can burn your butt off!!
Well, this time, I used my noodle! I parked under a nice shady tree! Now, I can sit on the seat in comfort!
Don't be so smug! You're not the only smart thing around!
The birds ALSO park under nice shady trees!


Whew! This jogging is hot work!
Just keep thinking "ice cubes"! As soon as we get home, we'll go straight to the refrigerator and get out the ice trays!
I can remember popping an ice cube into my mouth and sucking on its cooling liquid! I can remember taking handfuls of cubes and rubbing them through my hair and around my face and down my neck and into the hollows of my armpits and over my chest and belly and down my legs! I can remember how refreshing it was!
Boy, you sure have a graphic memory!
Why shouldn't I? I just did this yesterday, and—
I DIDN'T remember to re-fill the ice trays!!

Ahhhhhhh . . . this is delicious . . .
All day long . . . while I was sweating in that hot office, I kept promising myself the FIRST THING I was going to do when I got home was jump into the pool and cool off!!
Okay . . . that's enough cooling off! Dinner is on the table . . .
Coming . . .


What do you think you're doing . . . sitting around the living room in only your UNDERWEAR?!?
Making myself cool and comfortable!
But, what if company should come in?!?
When I HEAR someone at the door, I'll dash into the bedroom!
Besides, I wish you'd GET OFF MY BACK! It's TOO HOT today for anyone to be visiting! NO-ONE's gonna COME IN!!
Did somebody say, "Come in!"??
Oh-oh! We're gonna have a THUNDERSTORM! Which means—after this long heat wave—I'm gonna be nice an' cool!
You mean a cold front is headed this way, and when it meets up with all this hot air, it causes thunder and lightning and rain . . .
And that breaks the heat wave!
I don't know about any of those things! I only know I'm terrified of thunder and lightning!
So I hide in the basement, where it's nice an' cool!
Hmm! Our friendly neighbor is coming up the walk! You know, somehow, he makes me FORGET that this is the hottest day of the Summer!
Somehow, he inspires cooling thoughts! Like LAST WINTER . . . with BELOW-ZERO temperatures . . . and DRIFTS right up to my belly-button!
How could our neighbor coming up the walk do all that for you . . . ??
He's finally gotten around to returning our SNOWBLOWER!
David Berg


SPY VS SPY
25¢
25¢
25¢

STATIS-TICKLE DEPT.

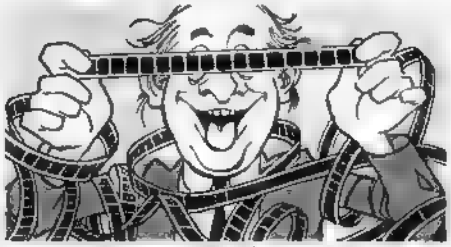
MAD'S TABLE OF LITTLE USELESS WEIGHTS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

198 SQUARE MILES

. . . is the amount of "Saran Wrap" the average person overpulls in a lifetime.

2.3 FEET



. . . is the total film footage devoted to the plot of an average porno movie.

822 MILLION CUBIC FEET

. . . is the amount of air displaced yearly by the burping of Tupperware.

3.8 MILES

. . . is the average length of all the varicose veins in your Grandmother's legs when they are laid out end to end.

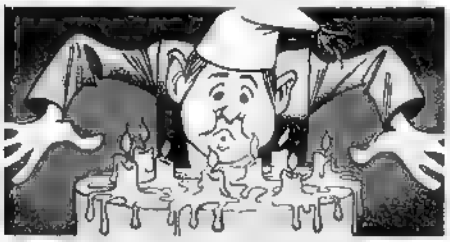
14.2 MILES

. . . is the average distance traveled by an individual American in 1977 to avoid hearing "The Star Wars" theme.

5.6 OUNCES

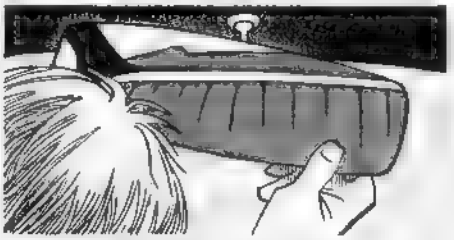
. . . is the amount of sweat from your armpit that makes it all the way down to your waist over an average year.

3.2 OUNCES



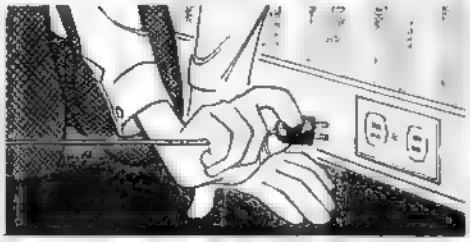
. . . is the average amount of wax that drips all over the icing on a Birthday cake before the candles are blown out.

5.8 CENTIMETERS



. . . is how far your rear-view mirror always moves from the time you leave your car until you get back into it.

2.3 INCHES



. . . is the average distance between the wall socket and how far the plug of your new appliance cord reaches.

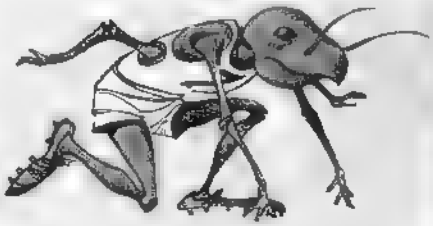
1.1 INCHES

. . . is the total average length of the "Obituary" of the most famous person you're ever likely to know personally.

3.2 OUNCES

. . . is the amount of spit you lick on your fingers when thumbing through an average copy of the Sunday N.Y. Times.

.571 MILES

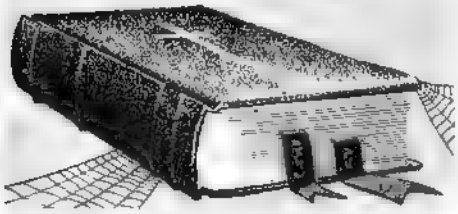


. . . is the average distance a cockroach runs from the time you spot it till the time you finally grab the can of "Raid."

KNOWN AND VERY MEASURES & DISTANCES

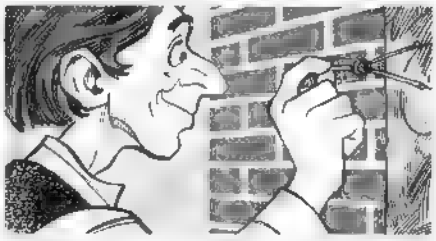
WRITER: JOHN FICARRA

12.5 GRAMS



. . . is the amount of dust that collects on the family Bible between readings.

3.4 INCHES



. . . is the diameter of the best part of the Farrah Fawcett Majors poster.

4.2 GALLONS

. . . is precisely how much the average person overwaters his plants each week.

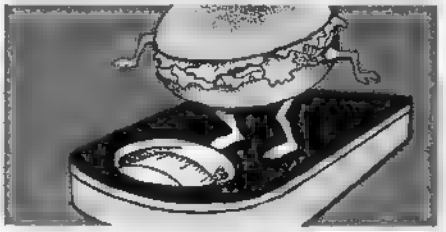
1/2 OUNCE

. . . is the amount of liquor an average teenager drinks before he starts bragging to friends how drunk he really is.

5/8 INCH

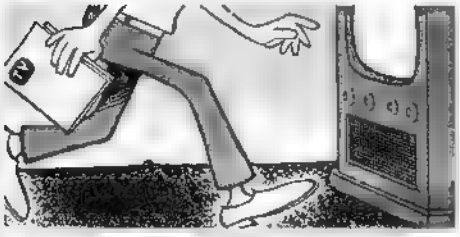
. . . is the minimum average thickness of any book that a teacher assigns you to read by the time the class meets again

1/32 OF A POUND



. . . is the average weight of a famous fast-food chain's "Quarter-Pounder" hamburger, after it's finished cooking.

127.8 MILES



. . . is the total distance an average person walks in his lifetime getting up to change the channel of a TV set.

4.6 BLOCKS

. . . is how far the average person will go out of his way just to walk by the marquee of an X-rated movie theater.

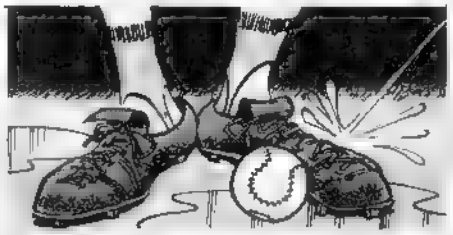
2.1 CENTIMETERS

. . . is how much Carol Burnett's right earlobe is stretched after 11 seasons of pulling it at the end of each show.

3.7 INCHES

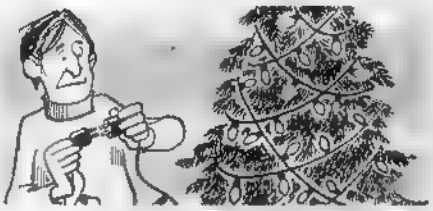
. . . is the average distance remaining between your hand and the toll booth's automatic ticket-dispensing machine.

9.5 GALLONS



. . . is the amount of tobacco juice and spit on the floor of a baseball team's dugout after a Saturday double-header.

12.9 FEET



. . . is the average length of festive lights you string up on the Christmas tree each year before you realize that you've started at the wrong end again.

WHY DO WE

ILL LOGIC DEPT.

There was a time when we Americans prided ourselves on being practical, clear-headed people. Unlike the world's older societies, we didn't have all the entrenched customs and fears that made us hang onto idiotic ideas just because our ancestors had thought of them first. Nope, we were too flexible and open-minded to fall into that trap...until recently. Now, long years of listening to such fuzzy thinkers as politicians, news commentators and TV advertisers have finally made us all soft in the head. As a result, we've come to view our lives and the world around us with the same amazing lack of logic that we've learned from our peerless leaders. If you have any doubts, just consider these generally accepted attitudes toward modern life, and then ask yourself the question:

WHY DO WE ASSUME IT MAKES SENSE . . .

...to slave and sacrifice to get into an exclusive college with a world-renowned faculty, and then cut every class where the prof doesn't take attendance?

WHY DO WE ASSUME IT MAKES SENSE . . .

...to blow our life savings on a trip to Europe when it's possible to find places right here at home where we can be overcharged, short-changed and treated with utter contempt?

WHY DO WE ASSUME IT MAKES SENSE . . .

...to gamble at a Las Vegas Hotel that just built a brand new 50-million dollar annex with the profits it made from its gambling casino?

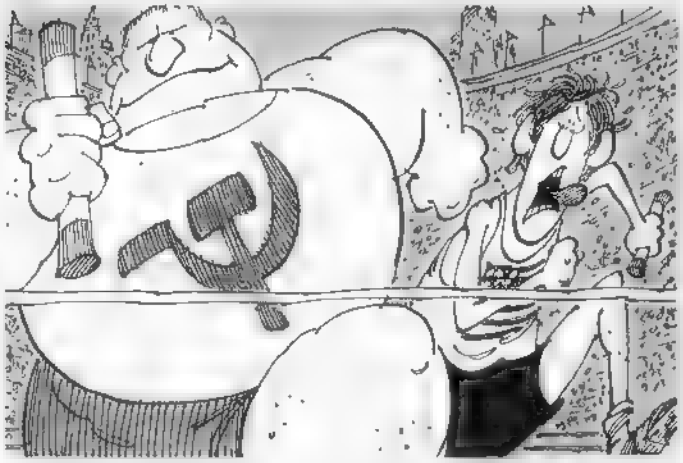
WHY DO WE ASSUME IT MAKES SENSE . . .

...to give Latino kids an equal chance to get good grades by educating them in Spanish, when it means they'll have no chance to get good jobs later on because they can't speak any English?

WHY DO WE ASSUME IT MAKES SENSE . . .

. . . to spend millions on a School Hot Lunch Program so poor kids can have nutritious meals, and then serve them watery glitch which isn't nutritious at any temperature?

WHY DO WE ASSUME IT MAKES SENSE . . .



. . . to pay the Russians a fortune for the TV rights to the 1980 Olympics just so we can watch our athletes lose because they didn't have enough money to train properly?

ASSUME IT

ARTIST PAUL COKER

WRITER: TOM KOCH

WHY DO WE ASSUME IT MAKES SENSE . . .

. . . to plan for the future when the evening TV news keeps telling us that everything we eat, wear or breathe could kill us tomorrow?

WHY DO WE ASSUME IT MAKES SENSE . . .

. . . to believe those bank commercials that tell us we can outsmart a 9% inflation rate by opening an account that pays 5% interest?

MAKES SENSE?

WHY DO WE ASSUME IT MAKES SENSE . . .

...to confuse ourselves for years to come by converting to the metric system when it will only benefit the huge multi-national corporations that we've never really been too crazy about anyway?

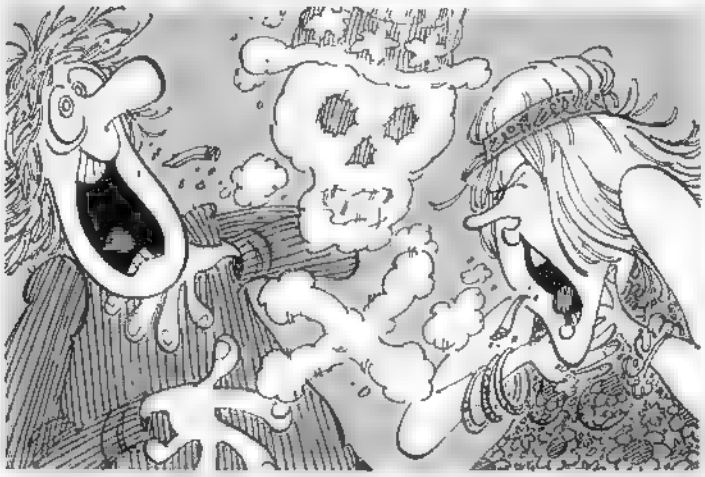
WHY DO WE ASSUME IT MAKES SENSE . . .

...to trust terrorists to keep bargains after they've already shown us we can't trust them to behave rationally under any circumstances.

WHY DO WE ASSUME IT MAKES SENSE . . .

...to increase Social Security taxes while we cut income taxes, thereby leaving the same people broke...but for a different reason?

WHY DO WE ASSUME IT MAKES SENSE . . .



...to spray American poisons on marijuana growing in Mexico when we know we can't stop the smugglers from bringing the deadly stuff into this country and selling it to Americans?

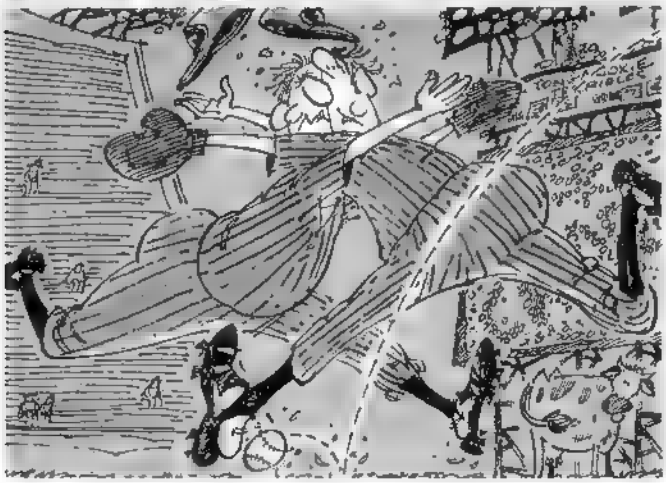
WHY DO WE ASSUME IT MAKES SENSE . . .

...to allow famous lawyers the chance to gain publicity by defending homicidal maniacs, while minor offenders who may deserve a break usually don't have any lawyers at all?

WHY DO WE ASSUME IT MAKES SENSE . . .

...to stop having our kids innoculated against polio because we think other parents have all had their kids innoculated, so there's nobody left to catch it from?

WHY DO WE ASSUME IT MAKES SENSE . . .



. . . to keep expanding our professional sports leagues into new cities when there obviously aren't enough really good players available for the teams that already exist?

WHY DO WE ASSUME IT MAKES SENSE . . .

. . . for politicians who slander each other through the whole campaign suddenly to display great mutual affection by embracing in public the day after the election?

WHY DO WE ASSUME IT MAKES SENSE . . .

. . . to accept an inferior education for everyone as the price we have to pay for the school integration that was supposed to bring a better education to everyone?

WHY DO WE ASSUME IT MAKES SENSE . . .

. . . to shame the British, French and Portuguese colonists into leaving Africa so it will be easier for the Cuban, Russian and Chinese colonists to come in and take over?

WHY DO WE ASSUME IT MAKES SENSE . . .

. . . for doctors to warn us endlessly about the evils of Socialized Medicine, when their outrageous fees are the main evil that is making Socialized Medicine inevitable?

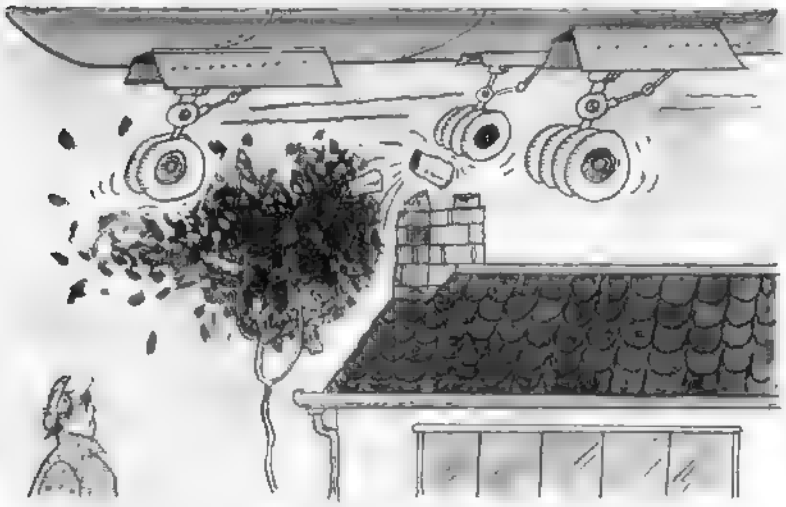
WHY DO WE ASSUME IT MAKES SENSE . . .

. . . to accept guidance on social and political issues from folks like Redd Foxx, Danny Thomas and Jane Fonda?

RETURN ENRAGEMENT DEPT.

WAIT TILL YOU GET H

...news teams of the major TV Networks are parked on your lawn.



...your home is in the path of the new airport's landing pattern.

...your Wife has volunteered your house as Headquarters for the School Board elections.

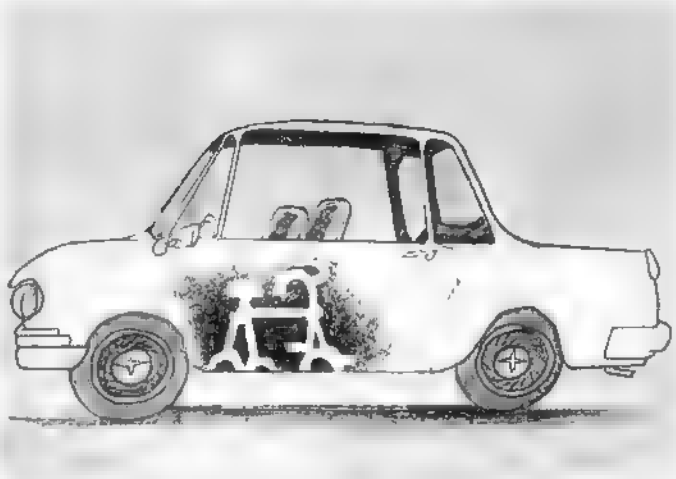
...parking regulations on your street have been changed.

...your Son, while away at school, had himself tatooed.

OME AND FIND THAT...

ARTIST & WRITER PAUL PETER PORGES

...your do-it-yourself wallpapering job has come unglued.

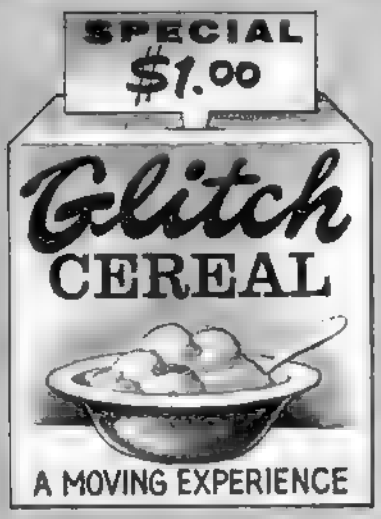


...somebody spraypainted something against your new car.

...the container of stool specimen you forgot on the bus had your name and address on it.

...a computer has found you and your seven unpaid traffic tickets.

...the weeds in your herb garden can be smoked in skinny cigarettes.



DEVICE, MAN, COMETH DEPT.

In a recent issue, we noted that everywhere we shop today, we see products with the words "NEW–IMPROVED" printed all over them. But after we buy these products and start using them, we find the only thing "new" and "improved" is the higher price—

MORE "NEW-IMPROV REALLY ARE NEW

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

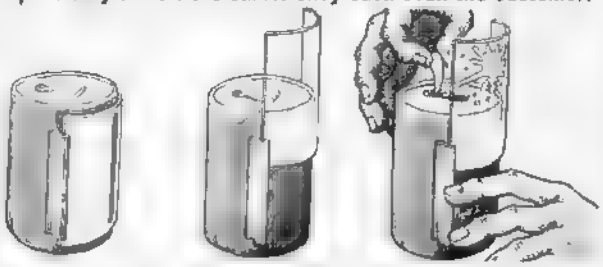
NEW–IMPROVED PEANUT BUTTER (AND OTHER STICKY STUFF) JAR

Scraping out the last remaining amounts of peanut butter (or other sticky substances like cream, paste, etc.) from a jar can often be a back-breaking, time-consuming affair.

New—Improved peanut butter (. . . and other sticky stuff) jar has double lids, top and bottom. When user gets down to bottom, he merely turns the jar over, unscrews the other lid and easily removes the contents.

NEW–IMPROVED BEVERAGE CAN

There are many types of beverage cans on the market, each with a different tab or other method of opening. But in one respect they are all the same. They each soak the customer.



New—Improved beverage can has the usual spraying problem, but it also has the solution: a spray shield attachment—which is conveniently out of the way when not in use, but slides into place to protect the user when tab is removed.

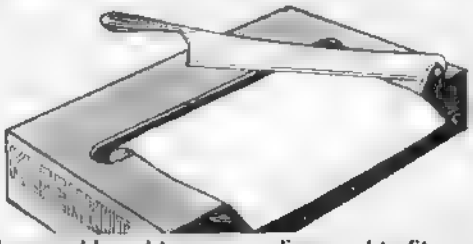
NEW–IMPROVED TUBE DISPENSER

Rolling tubes up to squeeze out the last drops of toothpaste, vaseline, hair cream, etc., can be frustrating. No matter how hard you try, you always miss getting it all. Or else the tube bursts, oozing stuff all over your hands.

New—Improved tube dispenser has built-in key at its base for neat, easy, perfect rolling up to get every last drop. Holes in key are handy for hanging tube on bathroom hook.

NEW–IMPROVED BOXED TISSUES

Nothing is wasted in greater amounts than disposable tissues. Nothing except the money you spend on those tissues.



New—Improved boxed tissues are dispensed to fit your need. No longer is a full-sized tissue used for a mere sniffle as well as a full-blown runny nose. Paper cutter controls size.

which is new and improved for the manufacturer, but how about us consumers? MAD thinks it's about time there really were products that are new and improved. And so we've gone back to the old drawing board again this issue, and we've come up with

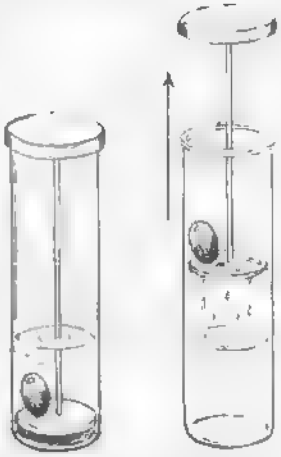
ED" PRODUCTS THAT AND IMPROVED

IDEA BILLY DOHERTY

NEW–IMPROVED OLIVE JAR

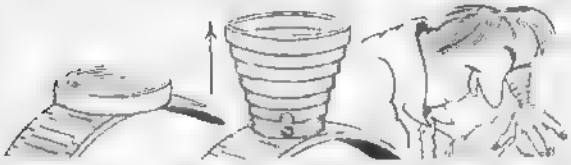
Regular olive jars are long and thin, and after a while, olives are out of reach of even the longest finger. Even forks are useless when skittery olives are way at bottom.

New–Improved olive jar has a plastic retriever inside it, made up of a rod and perforated disc attached to the jar's lid. When lid is unscrewed and raised, rod and disc bring olives up. Perforations in disc allow liquid to run down into jar while drip-free olives—even the last one—can be easily removed.



NEW–IMPROVED DIGITAL WATCH

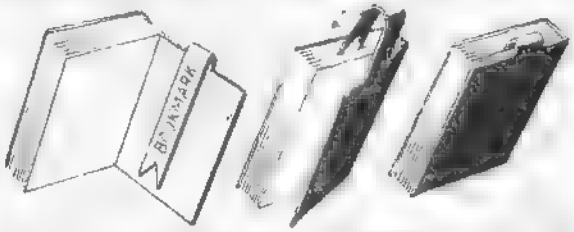
Most digital watches, especially the LED (light emitting diode) types, cannot be read in bright sunlight. This is one drawback that annoys many owners and is hurting sales.



New–Improved digital watch has telescoping viewing tube that lifts easily for daylight use and completely eliminates the annoying problem of reading watch in bright light.

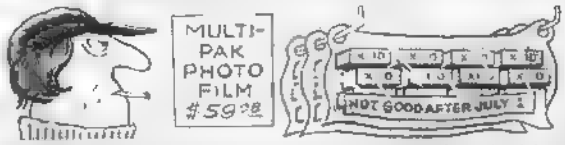
NEW–IMPROVED PAPERBACK BOOK

Anyone who has lost his place in a paperback book knows how frustrating it can be. And bookmarks always fall out.

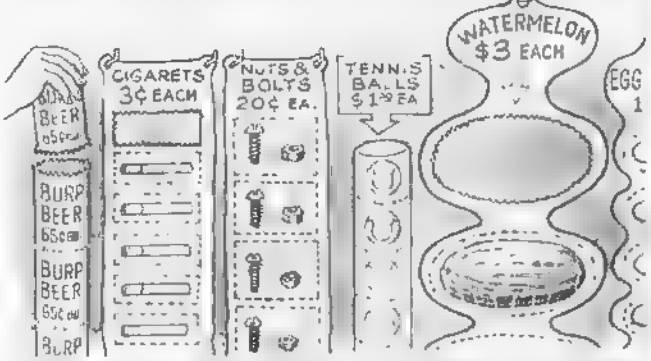


New–Improved paperback book has bookmark as part of back cover. It is folded inside for protection against handling in stores, but easily folds out to be placed anywhere in the book. Losing bookmark or your place is now impossible.

NEW–IMPROVED MULTI-PACKS



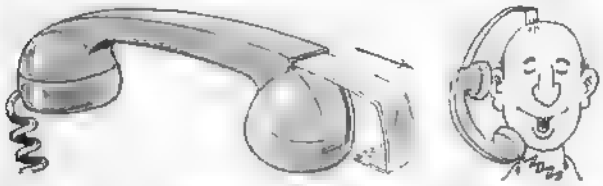
Anyone who's been forced to buy several multi-packed items when all he needed was one knows how infuriating it can be.



New–Improved multi-packaging lets you take as many items as you actually need . . . and that's all you have to pay for.

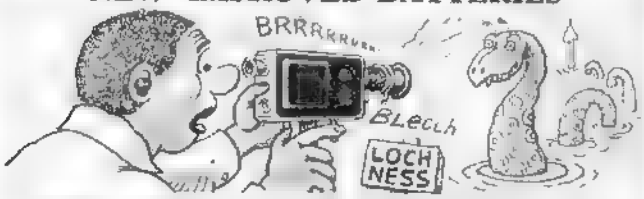
NEW–IMPROVED TELEPHONE

The standard telephone is difficult to hold between your shoulder and your ear when both your hands are occupied.



New–Improved telephone has concealed "Head-Hook" © that can be pulled out and adjusted to fit any shape of head.

NEW–IMPROVED BATTERIES



Regular batteries go dead without warning, mostly at the most critical times. Often they even go quietly dead when not in use, corroding the insides of valuable equipment.

New–Improved battery contains a tiny micro alarm system. Just before battery goes dead, last bit of remaining power turns on buzzer to alert owner, thereby avoiding problems.

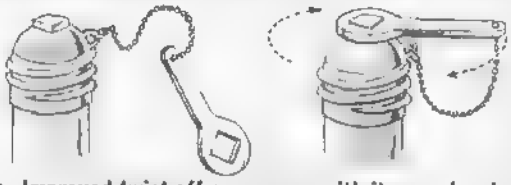
NEW–IMPROVED BUTTON

Regular buttons have a habit of popping off at the most inconvenient times. Finding needle and thread, especially correct color thread, is usually difficult or impossible.

New–Improved button has snap-off/snap-on outer ring. A slight thumb pressure snaps off ring, and hidden needle and thread is revealed. After sewing, ring snaps back on.

NEW–IMPROVED TWIST-OFF CAP

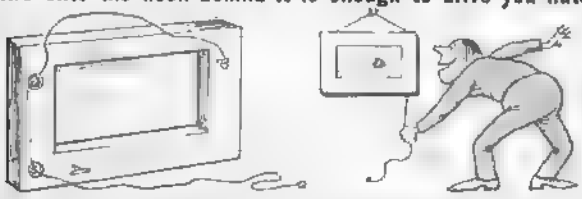
Anyone who has ever broken nails or torn fingers trying to open a twist-off cap knows what sheer agony it can be.



New–Improved twist-off cap comes with its own handy easy-to-use twist-off wrench. In addition to convenience, user has better control and, by opening cap slowly, is able to release pressure so carbonated soda doesn't spray all over.

NEW–IMPROVED PICTURE FRAME

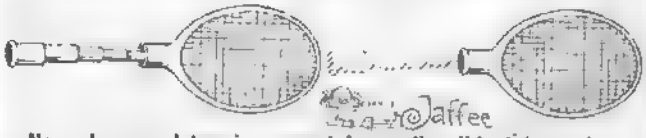
Under the best of circumstances, hanging a picture is a pain in the part you sit on. Not only is it blind guesswork as to where it will wind up, but trying to get the wire onto the hook behind it is enough to drive you nuts.



New–Improved picture frame has hollow channel in one side of frame for wire to pass through. Picture wire is easily placed over hook, and by pulling wire through channel, the picture is hoisted to exact position desired. Wire is then fastened to tie-down post, and excess wire can be cut off.

NEW–IMPROVED TENNIS RACQUET

Regular tennis racquets have handles that always seem to be in the way when being carried or packed for traveling.



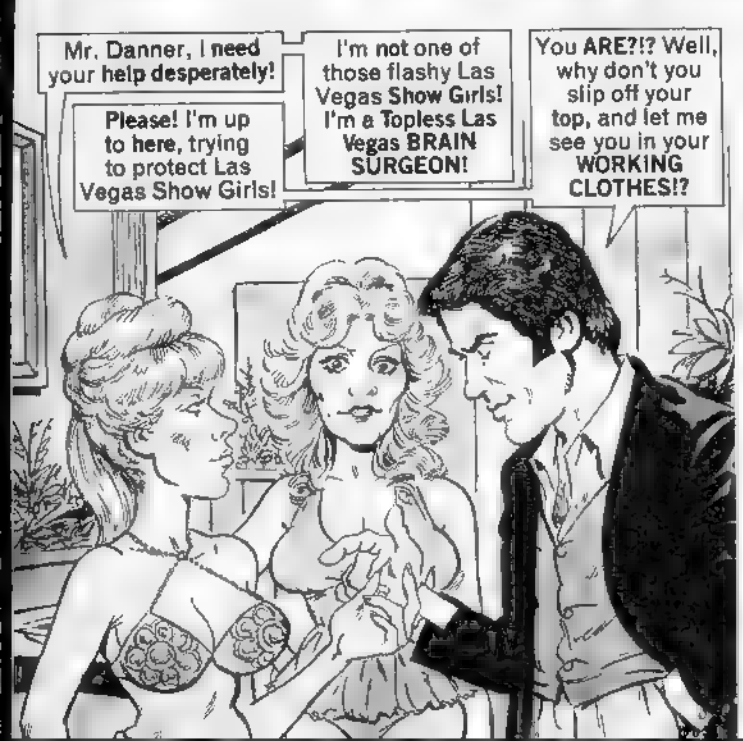
New–Improved tennis racquet has collapsible telescoping handle that folds away for convenient carrying or packing.

SHOOTING CRAP DEPT.

There's a popular television show that uses Las Vegas as its background, and a lot of nifty-looking young show girls as its foreground. That much is pleasantly clear. It's the plots of this private-eye-type weekly adventure series that seem

VAGUE-$

ARTIST ANGELO TORRES WRITER DICK DE BARTOLO



Will you help me?
I'd like to, but I can't! I'm working on another case now!
You're NOT working on another case!
I know! But one of the gimmicks in this series is having the clients BEG for my services!
Oh, please, Mr. Danner! Pretty please?! Pretty please with sugar on it?!?
Okay! OKAY...!

Where do you practice your brain surgery, Dr.?
At "Our Lady Of The Crap Tables Hospital"! The slogan for our hospital is, "Check in with us, and take the ULTIMATE GAMBLE!"!
Tell me, Dr. VaVoom... do you have any enemies?
Just my patients! I mean...the people I've operated on! I mean...the NEXT OF KIN of the people I've operated on!!

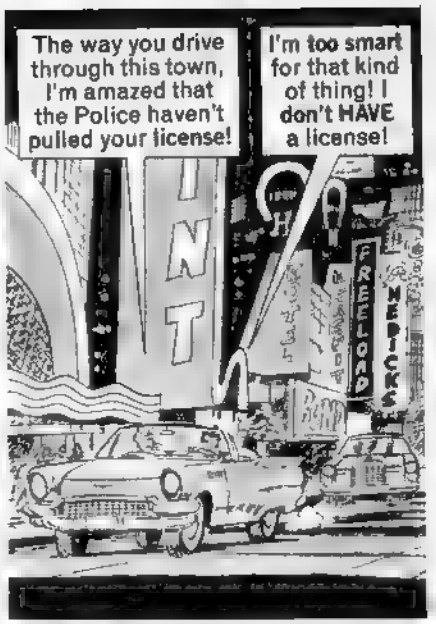
Any other enemies?
Well, there's my ex-Husband! When I divorced him, he swore he'd kill me!
Well, it CAN'T be him! That's TOO obvious!
Too obvious for OTHER shows, maybe! But just about right for THIS one! Remember, we can't take too much time for plot, or it'll take away from our shots of Las Vegas, and our interminable car chases!
RING RING

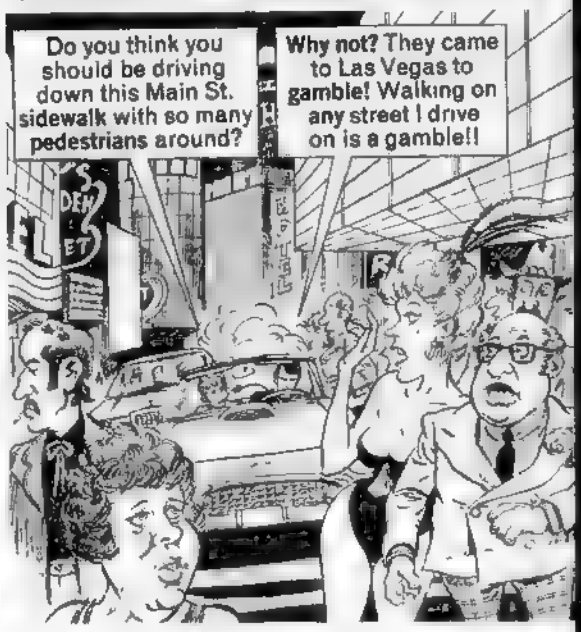
Don't take the case, Danner, or I'll cut you up in 24 little pieces and bake you into a pie!!
I don't scare so easy, Mister...!
Then I'll cut out your vocal chords and tie my shoes with them!!
Look, I'm a busy man! Got anything IMPORTANT to say?
Yeah! Then I'll scratch your red THUNDERBIRD!!
What case?! I'M not on any case!!

Awgee, while I was talking, did you trace the call?
Yes, I did! See? I'm not so dumb! The call went down this little wire and into that wall there!
And you wonder why you haven't been appearing on the show every week, lately...?!?
This show is on EVERY WEEK?!? When did THAT start?!? Gee, I thought it was a MONTHLY "SPECIAL"!!

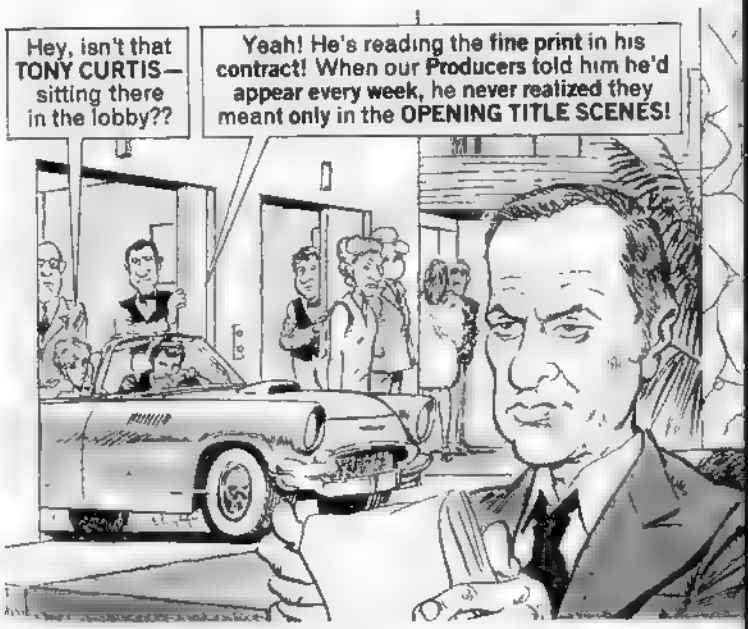
How are you going to get home, Dr.?
I called a cab... but it blew up!!
Hmmm! I'll drive you home! Now... I want you to keep a LOW PROFILE! I realize that, with that BODY of yours, it's an impossible request, but do the best you can...okay?

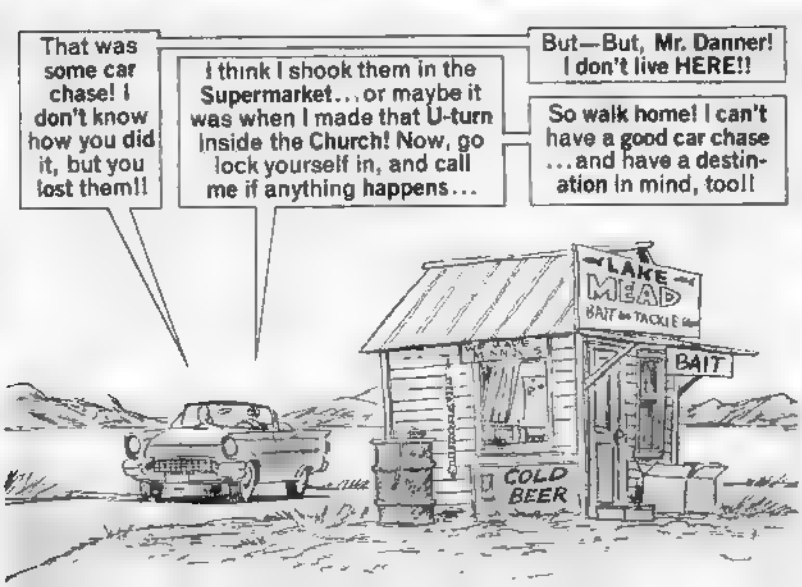
Hmmm! This is unusual! We're being followed!
Not while I'm still on my DRIVEWAY!! Let's get out on the open road and give 'em some REAL following room!
What's unusual about that? You get followed EVERY week!

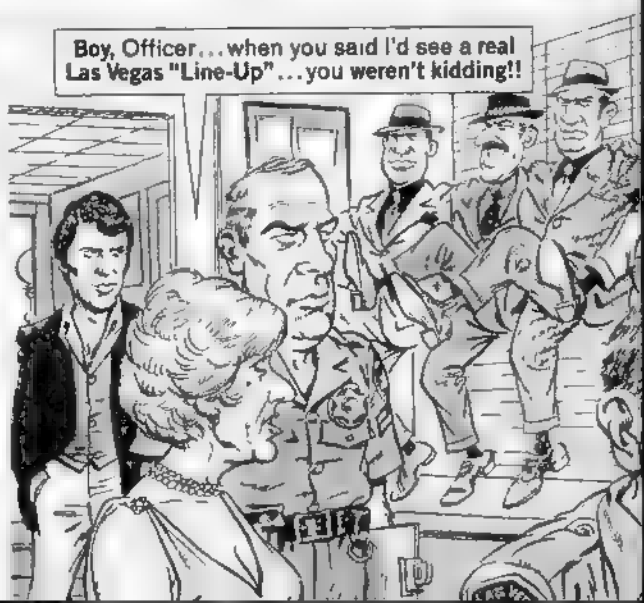

The way you drive through this town, I'm amazed that the Police haven't pulled your license!
I'm too smart for that kind of thing! I don't HAVE a license!
FREELOAD
MEPICKS


Do you think you should be driving down this Main St. sidewalk with so many pedestrians around?
Why not? They came to Las Vegas to gamble! Walking on any street I drive on is a gamble!!

When I mentioned we should get off the sidewalk, I DIDN'T mean we should drive through the HOTELS!
Don't worry! This town is so INSANE, no one will even notice!
The "Men's Room"? See that Thunderbird that just drove by us...? Follow it up those stairs and take a left!


Hey, isn't that TONY CURTIS— sitting there in the lobby??
Yeah! He's reading the fine print in his contract! When our Producers told him he'd appear every week, he never realized they meant only in the OPENING TITLE SCENES!


That was some car chase! I don't know how you did it, but you lost them!!
I think I shook them in the Supermarket... or maybe it was when I made that U-turn inside the Church! Now, go lock yourself in, and call me if anything happens...
But—But, Mr. Danner! I don't live HERE!!
So walk home! I can't have a good car chase ...and have a destination in mind, too!!
LAKE MEAD
BAIT & TACKLE
BAIT
COLD BEER


Boy, Officer... when you said I'd see a real Las Vegas "Line-Up"... you weren't kidding!!

Hi, there gorgeous! I—I need some help! I've got a problem!

What makes you think you can march in here, week after week, with sketchy details, and use me to find out important information for your clients!?

Just because I'm getting on in years, and I'm lonely, and you're this young, good-looking, tall, dark macho-type...

What do you want, Tan...? I'll do ANYTHING you want!

I need some information on my client's former Husband!

That's it? No name? No address? No description? No picture? No license number?

Hey, Feller, look at this muscle!

Ulp...Okay! Okay! I'll FIND your villain! How much time do I have?

Four minutes!

Gee! That's a lot longer than usual!

WANTED

A MALE - ANY MALE 6'2" 195LBS

Tan, this is Dr. VaVoom!! Somebody just fired a SHOT through my window!

I can't come over right now! I'm busy driving my car back and forth in front of "The Desert Inn" so they'll get some more free exposure... and we'll get some more free rooms for our cast and crew!

But, I'll tell you what... I'll send over my Assistant, Finzter!

Will he be able to protect me?

No, but he'll do his usual silly things...and whoever has the gun will be more inclined to try to end HIS life than YOURS!

DESERT INN

Roy CLUCK CHICK LITTLE

FARFLE'S BAR

Hi, there! I'm Finzter!

Oh... hello! I'm Dr. VaVoom!

Well, I hope you never get a chest cold, Doc! Because with a shape like that, it could be fatal!

Danner was RIGHT! If I had a gun, I'd shoot you myself!!

Gun? Shoot? Hey, wait a minute! I'm not INTO Crime! I'm just the "COMEDY RELIEF" on this show!

The "COMEDY RELIEF" on this show?! With THESE plots? That's like saying STEVE MARTIN needs "Comedy Relief"!!

Mr. Danner ...I have your weekly "Heart Of Gold" telephone call on the line!

Tan, this is Gloria! I kind of want to thank you for what you did!

What do you mean "KIND of want to thank me", Gloria?

Well, you knew I had a bad fall, and I couldn't afford a Doctor, so I just assumed that the Doctor who showed up here was sent by you!

He WAS! What did he say...?

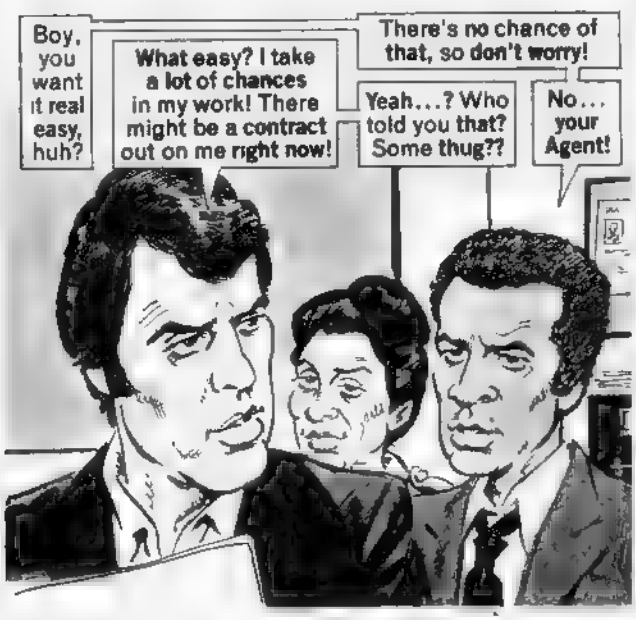
He said I'd fractured my HIND QUARTER, and I'd never RACE again!

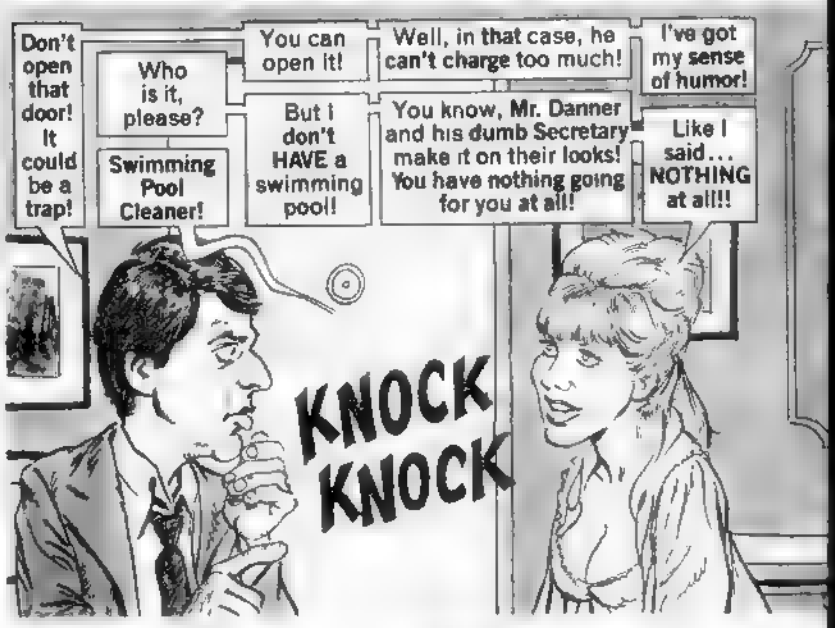
Hey, Gloria, what did you expect for free?! The Surgeon General?!

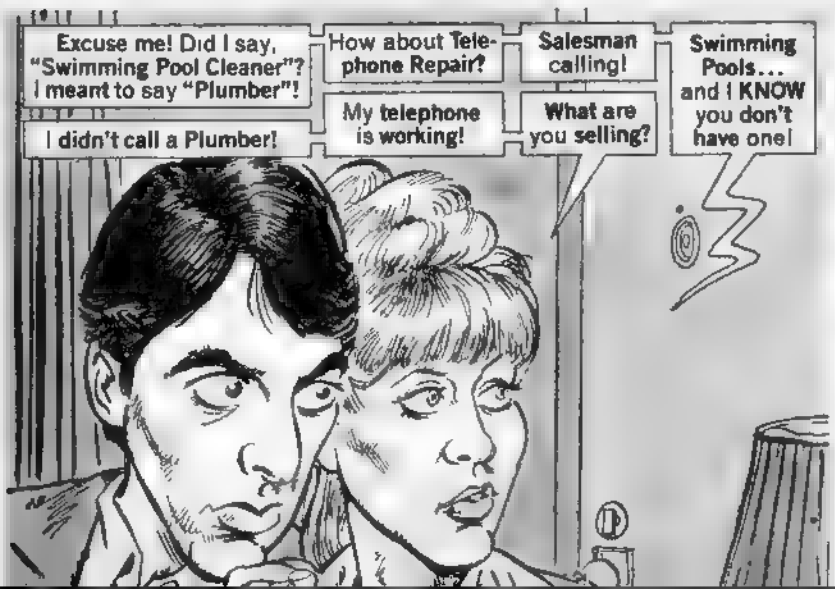
MEN

WANNA BET? SEE NICK THE SPARTAN ⬅ INSIDE

Is it really true Tan has a soft spot in his heart?
Let's put it this way! Three weeks ago, some hood spent every dime he had to have Tan rubbed out! And when Tan found out about it, he lent the hood $500 until he could get back on his feet again!
No wonder you two are such a great team! He has a soft spot in his HEART—and you've got a soft spot in your HEAD!
Here's your info! For a clue, you gave me "client's former Husband"! So I fed "Divorced Male," "Las Vegas Resident" and—since she hired you—"capable of committing crime" into the computer and came up with TWO POSSIBILITIES!
Two possibilities? TWO?!? Now I'm supposed to find out WHICH ONE? Sure, leave the HARD Detective Work to ME!!
One of the two is deceased!!
Well, that makes it a LITTLE EASIER!!
OL' BLUE EYES
SAMMY
JIMBO
SHECKY


Boy, you want it real easy, huh?
What easy? I take a lot of chances in my work! There might be a contract out on me right now!
There's no chance of that, so don't worry!
Yeah...? Who told you that? Some thug??
No... your Agent!


Don't open that door! It could be a trap!
Who is it, please?
Swimming Pool Cleaner!
You can open it!
But I don't HAVE a swimming pool!
Well, in that case, he can't charge too much!
You know, Mr. Danner and his dumb Secretary make it on their looks! You have nothing going for you at all!
I've got my sense of humor!
Like I said... NOTHING at all!!!
KNOCK KNOCK


Excuse me! Did I say, "Swimming Pool Cleaner"? I meant to say "Plumber"!
I didn't call a Plumber!
How about Telephone Repair?
My telephone is working!
Salesman calling!
What are you selling?
Swimming Pools... and I KNOW you don't have one!

Go away! I am NOT going to open this door!
I'll bet I can get you to open it...
Knock knock!
Who's there?
Script Doctor!
WAIT! I'm opening the door! Stay there! Don't go away!!

You fell for the NEWEST TRICK in the book! Look at you! The minute we split up, you take up with another man!

ANOTHER MAN? Thanks for the COMPLIMENT!

Thanks for the INSULT!

Why did you bring us up to the roof?

Because, besides car chases, this show is very big on people falling or being pushed from high places!

HIGH PLACES? This is a two-story building!

So you'll have to fall SIX or SEVEN times!!

I'm looking for someone!

Maybe this will help freshen your memory!

11,000,000 visitors a year, and you want me to help you find someone?

Gee, thank you, Sir! Thank you! The guy you're looking for is up on the roof right now!!

Hey...isn't he kinda YOUNG to be a Detective?

Yeah! For a BRIBE, he gave me a candy bar!

Okay... drop it!!

Not HER!! The GUN!!

That's just what I was going to do!

How in blazes do you always manage to show up at the right time with so FEW CLUES?!

Your truck is parked outside, and it was very suspicious!

What's so suspicious about my truck...?

There aren't many trucks that say "Swimming Pool Cleaning," "Plumber," "Telephone Repairman," "Salesman," and "Script Doctor" around today!

Well, another case solved! I guess Dr. VaVoom's Husband will get ten-to-twenty for Attempted Murder!

I recommended a SUSPENDED SENTENCE! After all, he DID say he felt REALLY BAD about what he tried to do!

Boy, there's that old soft heart again!

Tan, I don't like to complain, but we usually try to end each show on a "high" note!

Uh—we'll be on again next week!

I said a HIGH note!

Okay, Finzter! For months now, you've been pestering me to get you a telephone for your car! Well, I got one for you!

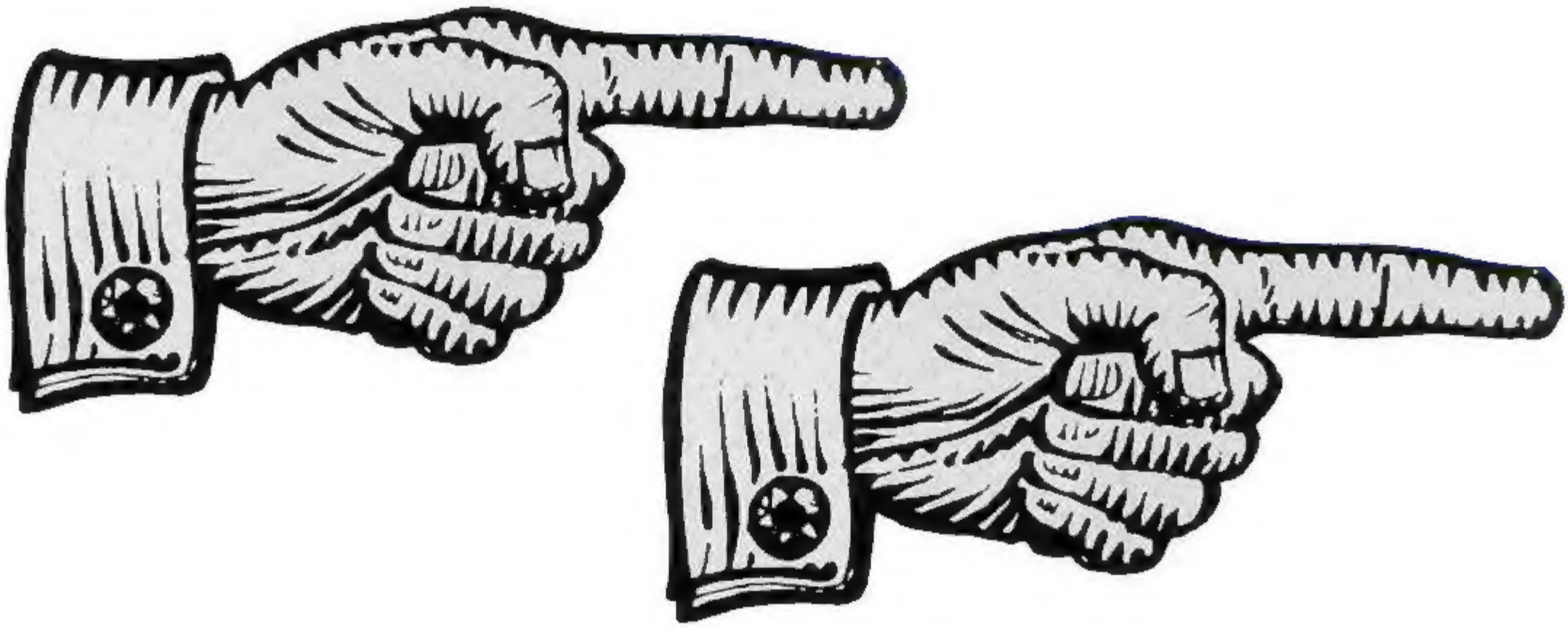
Now that's what I call a high note!

Well... KIND of a high note!

Deposit 25¢ for the next three miles, please...

Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHAT TYPE OF REVOLTING THEATER FARE WILL NOT APPEAR THIS SUMMER... THANK GOD!

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Several years ago, a new kind of revolting show came into summer theatres. And last summer, it came back again. But this year, fortunately, it looks like it will not appear. To find out what it is, fold in page.

A▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

A MOVING EXPERIENCE IS RARE IN SUMMER THEATER. MORE CALAMITIES THAN HITS ARE STAGED. SHOWS ONCE HAILED JOYOUSLY ON "BROADWAY" ARE REVIVED WITH NEW FLAWS THAT MAKE DEVOTEES OF THE ORIGINAL SCREAM, YIII!

ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE

A▸ ◂B

WHAT TYPE OF REVOLTING THEATER FARE WILL NOT APPEAR THIS SUMMER... THANK GOD!

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A)(B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST AND WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A MOVIE
CALLED
JAWS
III!

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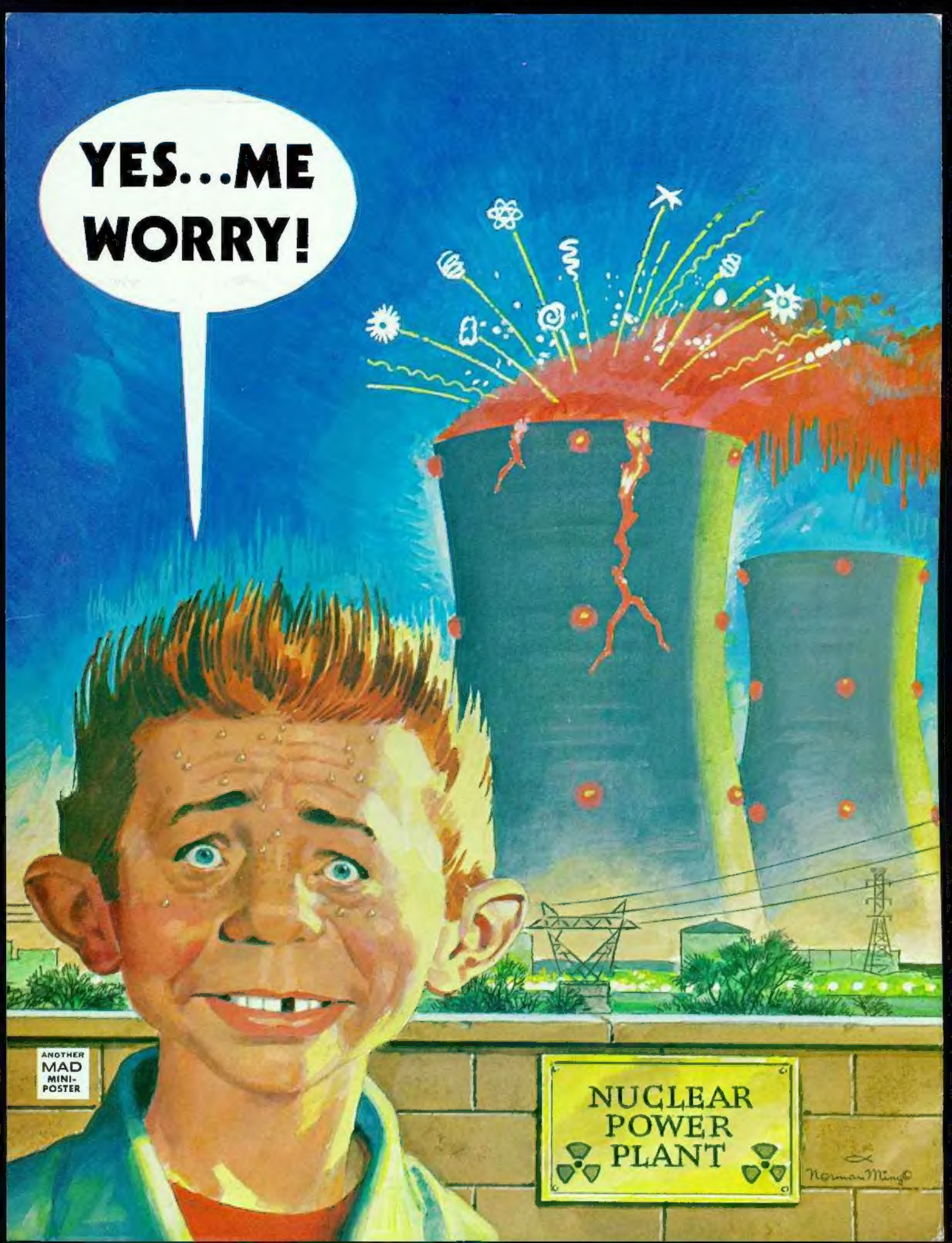
YES...ME WORRY!
ANOTHER MAD MINI-POSTER
NUCLEAR POWER PLANT
Norman Mingo©